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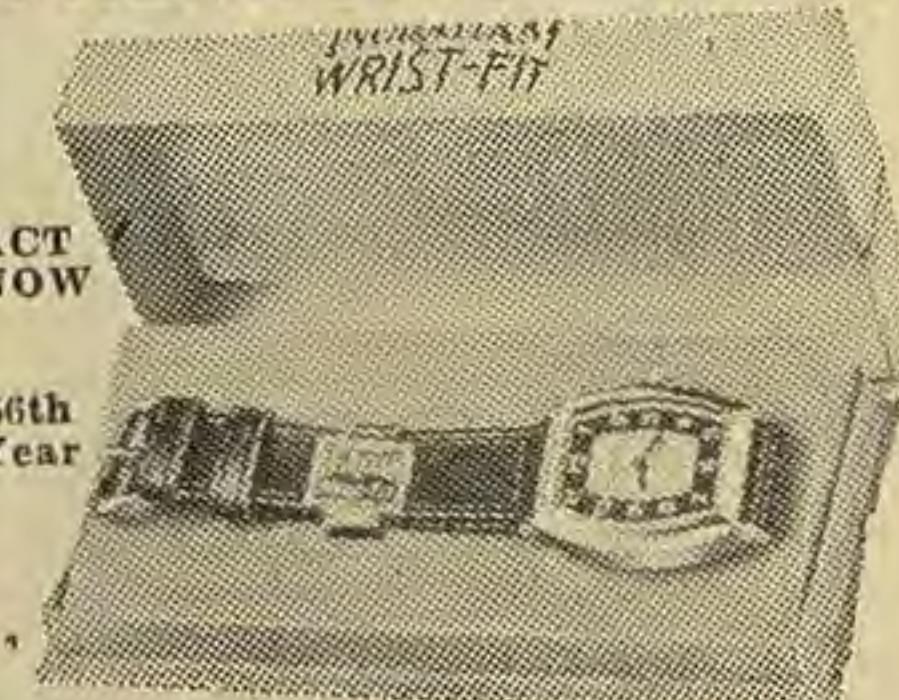
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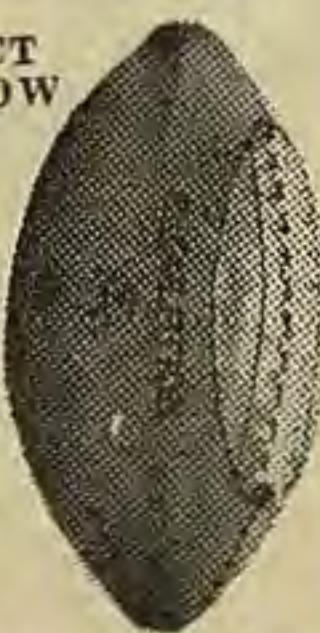


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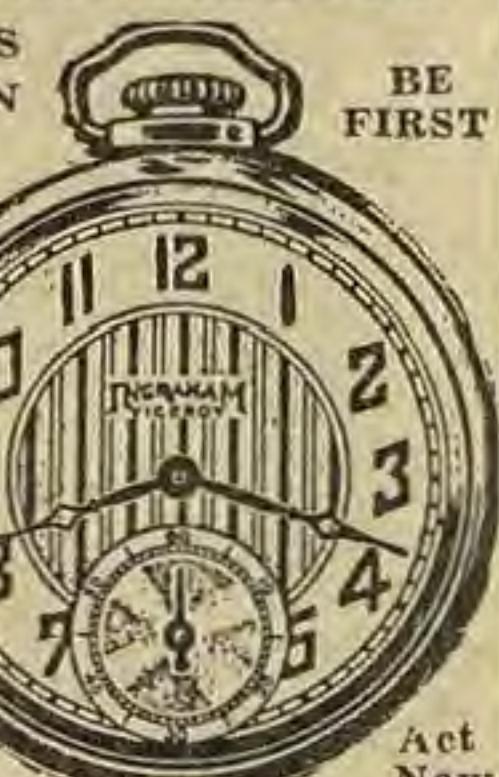


# GIVEN - GIVEN

## Premiums - Cash Commission

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NOW  
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56th  
YEAR



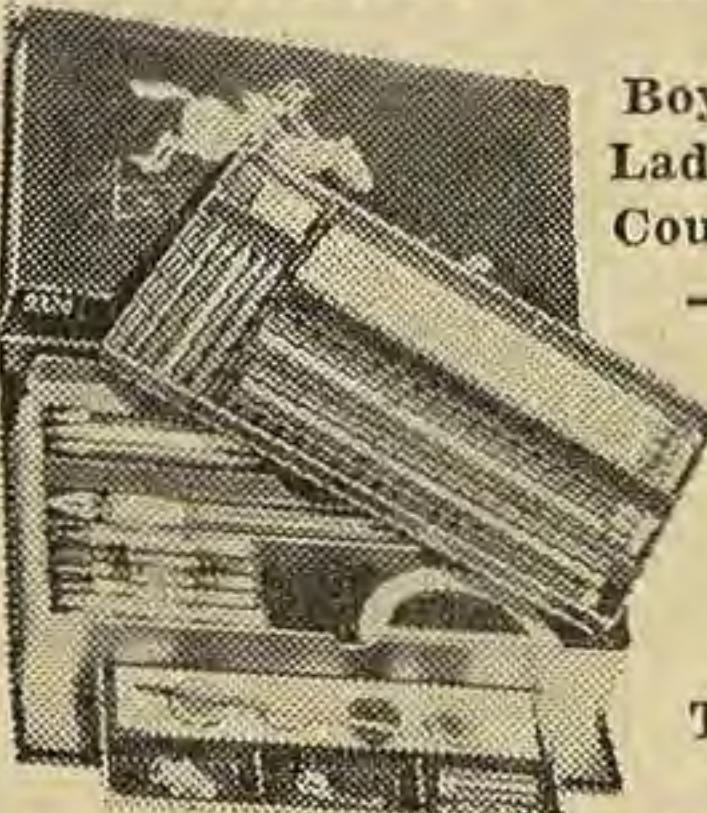
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Be  
First  
—  
Act  
Now  
—  
Our  
56th  
Year

OUR  
56th  
YEAR

Mail

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56th YEAR



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# The LOST LIVES of LAURA HASTINGS



REINCARNATION-- IS IT FACT OR FANCY, READER? HAVE YOU HAD COUNTLESS PREVIOUS LIVES WHICH YOU CAN'T REMEMBER BECAUSE THEY'RE LOCKED WITHIN THE SECRET VAULTS OF YOUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND? WILL YOU HAVE COUNTLESS MORE REINCARNATIONS IN THE AEONS TO COME? IF YOU'VE EVER PONDERED ABOUT THAT, THEN LAURA HASTINGS' STORY OF HER LOST LIVES SHOULD PROVIDE A THRILLING ANSWER!

"MY STRANGE TALE BEGINS ON THAT FATEFUL MORNING WHEN I WAS LATE FOR WORK AND HURRIEDLY CROSSED A STREET WITHOUT LOOKING..."

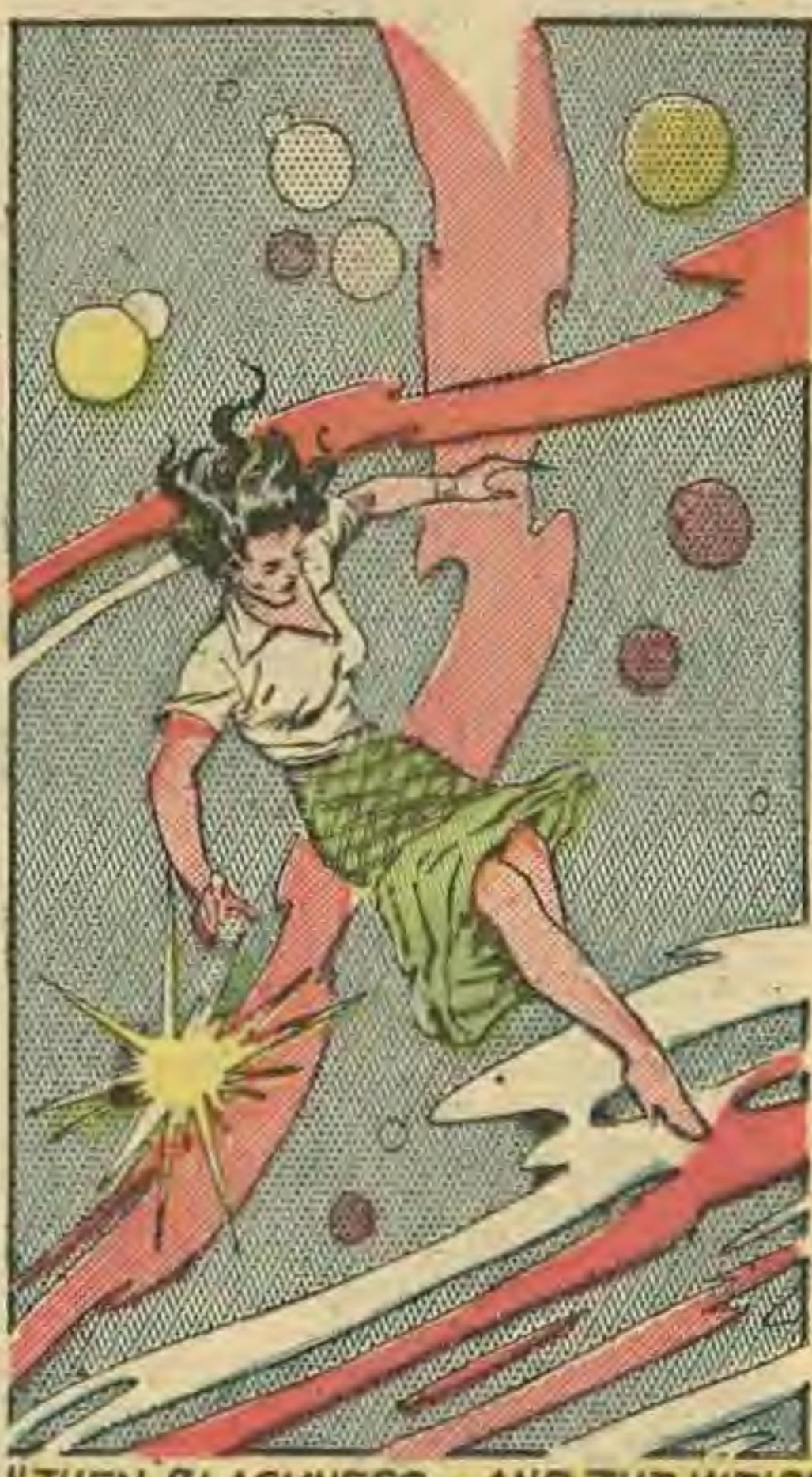


"THERE WAS A SEARING MOMENT OF BLINDING AGONY-- AND THEN, THROUGH THE RED MISTS OF PAIN, I SENSED THAT I WAS BEING LIFTED, CARRIED SOMEWHERE! VOICES CAME TO ME-- AS IF FROM MANY MILES AWAY..."

HEY--  
LOOK  
OUT!

SHE'S SEMI-  
CONSCIOUS--  
BUT SHE'S  
A GONER!  
ANY  
INJURY  
TO THE  
TEMPORAL  
LOBE  
OF THE  
BRAIN IS  
ALWAYS  
FATAL!

SHE... SHE'S  
BEAUTIFUL--  
I'VE GOT  
TO SAVE  
HER! I KNOW  
THAT NO ONE  
HAS EVER  
DARED CUT  
TOO FAR  
INTO THE  
TEMPORAL  
LOBE IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO  
RELIEVE  
CRANIAL  
PRESSURE--  
BUT I'M GOING  
TO RISK IT! NURSE-  
ADMINISTER THE  
ANESTHETIC!



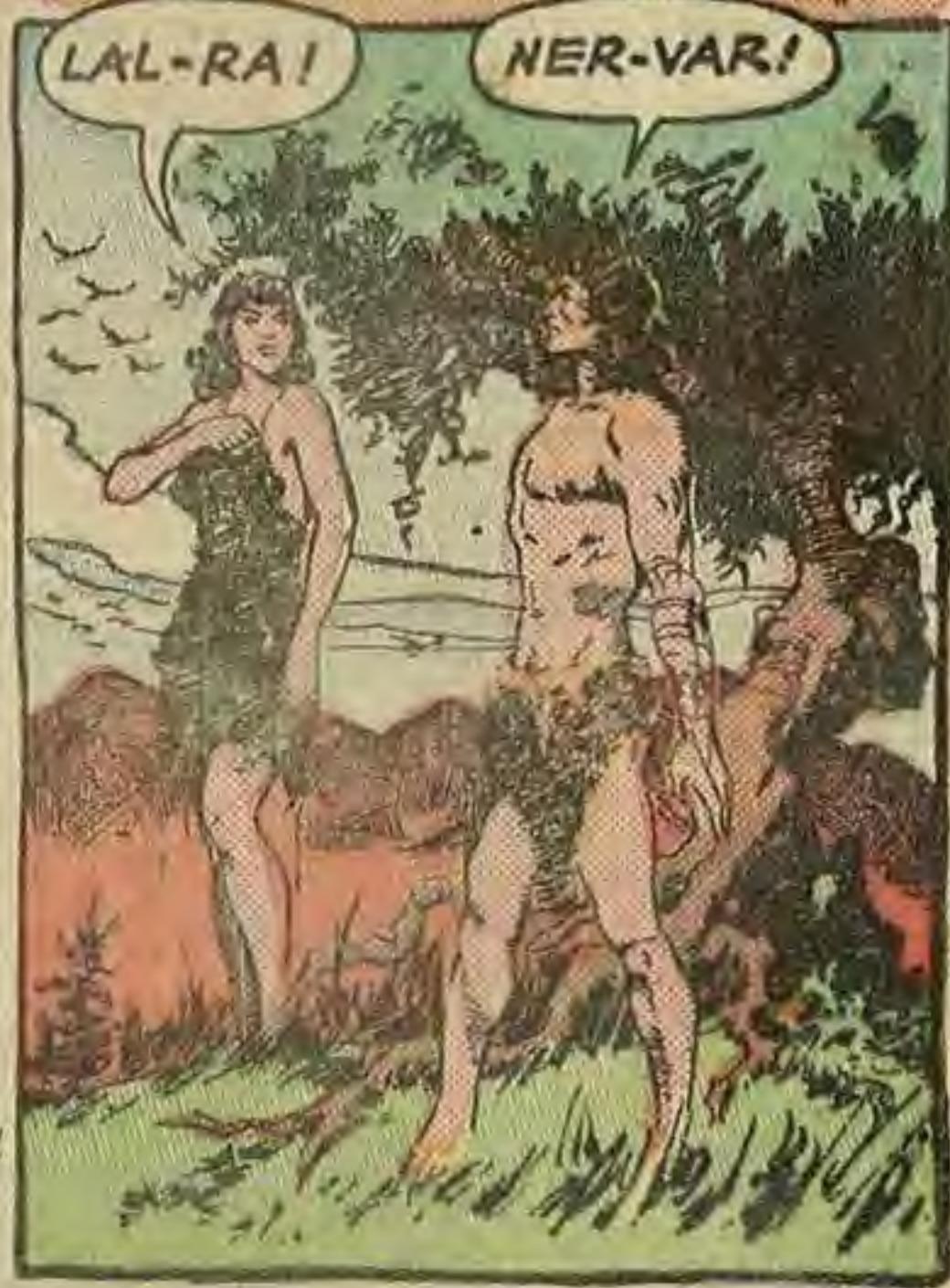
"THEN BLACKNESS-- AND THE WEIRD UNEARTHLY FEELING OF SINKING INTO A WHIRLING VORTEX-- BEING SWEPT DOWN... DOWN... DOWN..."



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"SUDDENLY THE BLACKNESS WAS GONE, AND IN ITS PLACE..."

YIII!  
GAR-  
LARU!



"THEN I FELT MYSELF BEING WHIRLED INTO  
THE DIZZYING VORTEX AGAIN-- BUT THIS  
TIME, I WAS BEING SWEEP'T UP... UP..."

SHE'S COMING OUT OF THE  
ANESTHESIA-- SHE'LL LIVE!



OH-- YOU! YOU'RE  
THE... CAVEMAN  
WHO JUST SAVED  
ME FROM THAT  
HORRIBLE  
SABRE-TOOCHED  
TIGER!

HARDLY-- I'M DR. NEIL TRAVERS,  
THE SURGEON WHO JUST  
OPERATED ON YOU! THAT  
TIGER AND CAVEMAN  
BUSINESS IS OBVIOUSLY  
JUST A DREAM YOU HAD  
WHILE YOU WERE UNDER  
THE ANESTHETIC!



BUT I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE THIS MOMENT-- SO HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW IN MY DREAM? AND BESIDES, IT WAS CLEAER THAN ANY DREAM-- I CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW YOU JUMPED ON THE TIGER, HOW IT CLAWED YOUR LEFT FOREARM---

SAY-- I DO HAVE A CLAW-LIKE SCAR ON MY LEFT FOREARM!

I'VE HAD IT SINCE BIRTH! BUT THERE COULDN'T BE ANY CONNECTION-- IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT I RECEIVED THE SAME KIND OF A CLAW-MARK IN YOUR DREAM!

I TRIED TO BELIEVE DR. TRAVERS TO DISMISS THE STRANGE DREAM FROM MY MIND! BUT A FEW DAYS LATER..."

I'M GOING TO REMOVE YOUR BANDAGES TODAY, MISS HASTINGS-- AND IT'S GOING TO HURT A LITTLE! SO STEADY NOW!

THE PAIN-- I... I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING TO FAINT! THE VORTEX-- I'M BEING SWEPT INTO THE VORTEX AGAIN!



"YES, ONCE AGAIN I FELT MYSELF BEING WHIRLED INTO THE SPIRALLING EDDIES OF TIME-- AND WHEN THE HAZE OF BLACKNESS LIFTED THIS TIME..."

BUT EVEN NOW MY SLAVES ARE BUILDING THE PYRAMID THAT WILL BE MY TOMB-- AND I CANNOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF GROWING OLD, LOSING MY BEAUTY, DYING! I MUST SUMMON THE CHIEF NECROMANCER OF THE REALM AND FIND OUT WHETHER I CAN HOPE FOR REINCARNATION!



EXALTED PRINCESS-- THE SACRED BOOK OF THOTH REVEALS THAT WHEN ANY HUMAN DIES, THE SOUL IS RELEASED TO FIND A NEW HOME, A NEW BODY! AND WHETHER IT TAKES TEN MOMENTS OR TEN THOUSAND AEONS, EACH SOUL EVENTUALLY FINDS A BODY WHICH RESEMBLES THE ORIGINAL ONE-- AND IMMEDIATELY INHABITS THAT BODY AT BIRTH, THEREBY LIVING AGAIN!

BUT THE NEW BODY REMEMBERS NOTHING OF ITS PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS, FOR SUCH MEMORIES ARE BURIED TOO DEEPLY WITHIN THE BRAIN!

YOU MEAN I MAY BE REINCARNATED INTO THE BODY OF A SLAVE GIRL, AND FORGET THE GLORIES THAT WERE MINE? THE MERE THOUGHT OF THAT IS INTOLERABLE-- YOU MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, NECROMANCER-- OR I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD!



AH, BUT I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, MY PRINCESS! QUAFF THE MAGICAL LIQUID IN THIS FLASK-- AND YOU WILL REMEMBER YOUR ROYAL STATE IN ALL YOUR FUTURE REINCARNATIONS!

IT... IT BURNS LIKE FIRE! I... I FEEL FAINT...

THE DRINK IS INDEED POWERFUL-- BUT YOU MUST FINISH IT!

HA, BY THIS TIME YOUR WILL IS PARALYZED-- NOW I CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THIS MAGICAL LIQUID! FIRST, IT WILL HELP YOU TO REMEMBER YOUR PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS ONLY IF AN OPERATION IS PERFORMED ON THE TEMPORAL SEGMENT OF YOUR BRAIN IN SOME FUTURE REINCARNATION! AND SECONDLY, THE DRINK IS FATAL!

QUICKLY-- LET ME HAVE IT!

YOU SEE, I AM HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH YOU, PRINCESS! I CONSULTED THE ORACLE AT THEBES AND LEARNED THAT WE HAVE BEEN AND ALWAYS WILL BE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER IN ALL OUR REINCARNATIONS-- BUT I KNEW THAT A ROYAL PRINCESS COULD NEVER MARRY A NECROMANCER, A MERE MAGICIAN! AND AFTER YOU HAVE TAKEN ENOUGH OF THE FATAL DRINK-- I WILL PLUNGE A DAGGER INTO MY HEART-- SO THAT WE WILL BOTH DIE, AND BE CLOSER TO OUR NEXT REINCARNATIONS TOGETHER!

SO DRINK... DRINK...

THERE -- IT IS FINISHED! AND NOW--

"UP-- UP INTO THE SPINNING VORTEX ONCE MORE-- AND AS THE BLACK MISTS DISSOLVED, I SAW THE FACE OF THE NECROMANCER AGAIN--"

NO, I WON'T DRINK IT-- YOU... YOU MURDERER!

THERE, THERE-- YOU'RE DELIRIOUS AGAIN, MISS HASTINGS! YOU PASSED OUT FROM THE PAIN WHEN I REMOVED THE BANDAGES!

I... I'M IN THE HOSPITAL AGAIN! BUT IT WAS ALL SO REAL-- AS IF I WERE ACTUALLY RELIVING SOME PREVIOUS LIFE!

"WHEN I TOLD DR. TRAVERS ABOUT THE EGYPTIAN EPISODE..."

IT WAS JUST A DREAM, MISS HASTINGS! BELIEF IN RE-INCARNATION IS SHEER SUPERSTITION!

BUT IT ALL ADDS UP! PERHAPS THE OPERATION DID UNBLOCK THE MEMORIES OF MY PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS! AND IF YOU AND I ARE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, IT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE THE CAVEMAN AND THE NECROMANCER, AND WHY I MET YOU IN THIS PRESENT LIFE!

IT'S ODD, BUT I FELT THAT WE WERE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, TOO! -- BUT IT CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT REINCARNATION Nonsense! I'M A SCIENTIST...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IN THAT!

BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF PROVING ALL THIS! WHY DON'T YOU CHECK UP IN THE HISTORY BOOKS AND SEE IF THERE WAS A PRINCESS SAKKARA... NEIL!

"NEXT DAY..."

I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE WHAT I FOUND, LAURA! THIS BOOK TELLS HOW A PRINCESS SAKKARA OF THE X<sup>TH</sup> DYNASTY WAS POISONED BY THE COURT NECROMANCER, WHO THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

THERE--THAT PROVES I'M RIGHT!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MUST HAVE READ ABOUT IT IN YOUR COLLEGE HISTORY COURSES, AND THE FACTS REMAINED IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND -- ONLY TO COME OUT IN YOUR DELIRIOUS DREAM! YOU'D BETTER FORGET ALL THIS Nonsense AND CONCENTRATE ON GETTING WELL! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO START WALKING IN A FEW DAYS, AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO SPEND MORE TIME TOGETHER! THE ONLY PART OF YOUR DREAM THAT ISN'T Nonsense IS THE PART ABOUT OUR BEING DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER!

"THE NEXT DAY, I DECIDED TO GET OUT OF BED AND SURPRISE NEIL -- BUT I SOON FOUND OUT WHY HE WARNED ME AGAINST TRYING TO WALK TOO SOON!"

I... I FEEL TOO WEAK TO STAND... TO DIZZY---

"ONCE AGAIN THE FAMILIAR SENSATION OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE TITANIC WHIRL-POOL OF TIME ITSELF -- AND WHEN THE MISTS CLEARED THIS TIME..."

I OUGHT TO BE HAPPY THAT THIS PIRATE SHIP IS BEING ATTACKED-- I HATE THE BUCCANEERS WHO CAPTURED ME AND HELD ME FOR RANSOM! BUT IF THIS IS THE END FOR THEM, IT MEANS MY END, TOO! PIRATES ALWAYS KILL THEIR HOSTAGES WHEN THEY'RE LOSING A BATTLE! I... I GUESS THIS IS MY EXECUTIONER COMING NOW!

BOOM!  
BLAM!

THREE BRITISH FRIGATES HAVE CORNERED US IN THE COVE-- AND THEY'RE BLASTING US TO PIECES! WE'RE SINKING-- BUT I'LL HELP YOU GET AWAY IN ONE OF THE SMALL BOATS!

WHY? SO YOU CAN HOLD ME FOR RANSOM-- YOU... YOU CUT-THROAT?

NO-- BECAUSE I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU!

OHH!

AND I'M NOT A CUT-THROAT! I'M THE SHIP'S DOCTOR! I WAS THE ONE WHO PERSUADED CAPTAIN FLOOD TO SPARE YOUR LIFE FOR RANSOM! BUT COME ON-- THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK NOW!

IT... IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FOR ME, TOO-- BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DOWN MY FEELINGS FOR YOU, TRYING TO MAKE MYSELF HATE YOU! BUT THAT... THAT KISS TOLD ME WE WERE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER!

"BUT ON DECK..."

LOOK-- THEY GOT OUR LAST LIFE-BOAT!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO JUMP BEFORE THE SHIP SINKS-- AND TRY TO SWIM TO SHORE!

BUT SHE WON'T SINK FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES! MEANWHILE IT'S MY DUTY AS A DOCTOR TO HELP THE WOUNDED AND THE DYING!



THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO, CAPTAIN!

THANKS, LAD-- YE'VE BEEN THE BEST SAWBONES EVER T' SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS! I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN HOW YE PULLED ME THROUGH TIME AFTER TIME-- AND NOW THAT MY TIME'S NEARLY UP-- I'LL TELL YE WHERE MY TREASURE'S BURIED... OFF POINT LOOKOUT ON CHESAPEAKE BAY...

... AN' THEN MARK OFF 13 PACES DUE EAST-- FROM THE OVERHANGIN' ROCK ON THE WEST CLIFF-- AN' START DIGGIN'! NOW GIT OFF THE SHIP WHILE YE KIN--

GOODBYE, CAPTAIN-- I'LL NOT FORGET YOU!



"BUT SUDDENLY..."

BOOM!

THAT... LAST CANNON SHOT-- GASP!-- I CAN'T MOVE! GO ON AND JUMP-- I'D NEVER MAKE IT!

NO-- I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU, BUT I CAN DIE WITH YOU! PERHAPS WE'LL MEET IN SOME OTHER, HAPPIER LIFE, MY DARLING--- OH, MY DARLING...



DARLING-- SPEAK TO ME!

JUMP-- LEAVE ME AND JUMP!

THE BLACKNESS GAVE WAY TO LIGHT-- AND AS I OPENED MY EYES..."

I'M NOT ON THE SHIP-- I'M NOT DYING. AND... YOU'RE NOT A PIRATE, NEIL!

EASY, DARLING-- YOU MUST HAVE FAINTED AND HAD ONE OF THOSE DREAMS AGAIN! WHAT WAS IT ABOUT THIS TIME?

"WHEN I'D TOLD NEIL..."

... AND NOW WE HAVE PROOF THAT REINCARNATION ACTUALLY HAPPENS! I HEARD CAPTAIN FLOOD REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE TREASURE-- AND AS SOON AS I'M WELL ENOUGH, WE'RE GOING ON A TREASURE HUNT! IF WE FIND IT, WE'LL KNOW THAT WE DID HAVE ALL THOSE OTHER LIVES!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING-- I GUESS WE CAN TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF AND DRIVE DOWN TO POINT LOOKOUT, WE WON'T FIND ANY TREASURE, OF COURSE-- BUT AT LEAST IT'LL HELP YOU GET ALL OF THOSE RIDICULOUS NOTIONS ABOUT REINCARNATION OUT OF YOUR HEAD!



"TWO WEEKS LATER..."

THIS IS THE SPOT  
CAPTAIN FLOOD  
MENTIONED! YOU  
CAN START DIGGING  
HERE, NEIL!

ALL RIGHT--BUT WHEN WE  
DON'T FIND ANY TREASURE,  
DON'T START TELLING ME  
THAT SOMEONE ELSE  
DUG IT UP BEFORE US!

GREAT SCOTT! THERE IS  
SOMETHING BURIED  
HERE---A...A CHEST!

OF COURSE, DARLING!  
AND NOW WE'LL HAVE  
ENOUGH TO SET YOU UP  
IN A MEDICAL RESEARCH  
LABORATORY ALL  
YOUR OWN!

YES--AND IT'S  
ALSO ENOUGH  
TO GET MARRIED  
ON, SWEETHEART!

THERE...THERE'S A FORTUNE IN JEWELS  
AND GOLD HERE! THEN ALL THAT  
REINCARNATION STUFF IS TRUE!

... I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU  
MAN AND WIFE, UNTIL  
DEATH DO YOU PART!

HE'S WRONG, DEAR--DEATH WILL NEVER PART US! AS LONG  
AS WE'RE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, WE'LL GO ON MEETING  
AGAIN AND AGAIN IN ALL OF  
OUR FUTURE REINCARNATIONS--  
TILL THE END OF TIME!

YES--AND THAT DOESN'T HOLD  
TRUE ONLY FOR US! IF REINCARNA-  
TION IS A FACT, IT MEANS THAT  
EVERYONE ON EARTH HAS HAD MANY  
PREVIOUS LIVES, AND WILL LIVE THROUGH  
MANY MORE REINCARNATIONS--AND  
THOSE WHO ARE DESTINED FOR EACH  
OTHER WILL ALWAYS BE TO-  
GETHER THROUGHOUT  
ETERNITY!

THE  
END

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# Strange REVENGE

TREMPY HEARD THE rough, heavy steps coming up the wooded hill. He whimpered in fear. The big, tough boys, sticks and rocks in their hands, were coming. They had tired of mischief in the town below the hill, where lights flared and hoarse laughter rasped. Baiting Trempy was rare sport.

They loved to trap him in some hollow of the hill at night. Their sport was raucous laughter as Trempy backed away in terror. It was then he would chatter like a monkey, spitting out the strange, gasping, confused syllables, the word fragments he'd learned in the town before the sane ones banished him to his lonely cave abode. Trempy hated their superior intelligence, their quick, vulpine motions as one after the other closed off the avenues of escape.

And trapped, Trempy would howl like some wild thing, the wind whipping his rags about him like the scraggly fur of a beast. But his howling only incited them further. Then they would beat him, and exhausted, depart.

Trempy tried to hide. It was no use tonight. They'd spread out again as they always did. There was a wavering line of fifteen of them, toughs from the slums, thin hungry faces lean against the night sky, sharp and evil with purpose.

"There he is!" one shouted. They saw him in the dim moonlight, a crazed, scarecrow figure flapping up the hillside. They came on, laughing, shouting obscene jests, brandishing sticks and stones.

Trempy fell back on his own hollow, where they'd never come before. They closed in. But suddenly the shouting hoodlums halted.

"I'm not goin' in there!" one of them

squeaked. "There's funny stories about that cave!"

A rougher voice barked: "Can it! The idit's alone, ain't he? He ain't got no friends!"

"If he had," the first one stammered, "they'd be planted in a place like this!" His voice was drowned in cat-calls. Again they advanced.

Trempy was near his cave now. He felt almost safe. He stumbled over the ancient fallen, graven stones that littered the ground. Ahead, the cave yawned like the jaws of some prehistoric monster. Trempy gibbered. He seemed to be trying to talk. But not to the toughs. His back was to them now. They didn't stop this time. They ran on, shouting. Trempy smiled crazily. He had nothing to worry about, now. He was home. Now his friends would do his talking for him. And maybe...he tittered in mad glee... maybe something else!

The first stone was launched. It missed, crashing past Trempy into the cave. Angry arms shot skyward to launch others. Suddenly they froze, dropped. The bright glow that lit up the cave hypnotized fifteen pairs of eyes!

Trempy moved silently, jerkily out of the way as his friends had told him to, the next time he was bothered.

Then Trempy's friends came out of the cave. They were creatures of bleached bone and ancient, withered flesh. They had been buried a long time before. And they seemed glad to be taking the night air. Except for the screams, their promenade might have been a gay ballet of nimble, tearing steps...a *ballet of death for fifteen!*

# DOLLS OF DOOM

VOODOO---DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THAT WORD HAS BROUGHT UNSURPASSED TERROR TO THE HEART OF COUNTLESS THOUSANDS THROUGHOUT THE WEST INDIES AND AMERICA! FOR THE SATANICAL MAGIC OF VOODOOISM COULD KILL, EITHER SLOWLY OR SUDDENLY, BUT ALWAYS AGONIZINGLY! AND ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE VOODOO WITCHES ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WIPE OUT IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE, WHO KNOWS WHAT GHOULISH RITES OF SORCERY AND DEMONOLOGY ARE STILL BEING PRACTICED IN THE ISOLATED REGIONS OF THE WORLD?



DEEP WITHIN THE EERIE, FORBIDDING SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY---

THAT MUST BE THE PLACE  
---THE HOVEL WHERE THE NATIVES SAID ZAMBARTA STILL LIVES ON!



YOU---YOU MUST BE ZAMBARTA--THE VOODOO WITCH! NO ONE ELSE COULD LOOK SO INCREDIBLY OLD---OR SO EVIL!

AH, YOU KNOW MY NAME! BUT I DON'T GET MANY VISITORS THESE DAYS ---WHO ARE YOU?



I'VE KNOWN YOUR NAME EVER SINCE MY CHILDHOOD, ZAMBARTA! I'M **FLOYD SARTORIS**, OF THE SARTORIS PLANTATION IN UPPER LOUISIANA--AND I STILL REMEMBER HOW MY GOVERNESSSES USED TO SCARE ME INTO BEHAVING BY SAYING THAT ZAMBARTA, THE DREAD VOODOO WOMAN, WOULD COME AND GET ME UNLESS I WERE A GOOD BOY!

HEH, HEH--FIFTY AND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN MY MAGICAL POWERS WERE AT THEIR HEIGHT, IT WAS THE **GROWN-UPS** WHO WERE TERRIFIED OF ME!

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN MY VOODOO MAGIC KILLED **HUNDREDS** IN NEW ORLEANS ALONE! THE POLICE COULD NEVER LEGALLY PROVE THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME WAVES--BUT WHEN THE PUBLIC OUTCRY AGAINST ME REACHED A CLIMAX, I WAS FORCED TO FLEE AND HIDE HERE IN THE BAYOU! BUT THAT WAS FULLY FIFTY YEARS AGO--AND SINCE THEN, ONLY A FEW BELIEVERS HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT TO PURCHASE MY MAGIC FOR THEIR EVIL ENDS!

YES, SINCE THEN MY FAME HAS TURNED INTO FICTION, MY NAME INTO A LEGEND! PEOPLE TODAY MOCK AT VOODOOISM AND CALL IT STUPID SUPERSTITION--SO WHY HAVE **YOU** SOUGHT ME OUT, FLOYD SARTORIS?

BECAUSE I AM ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING BELIEVERS IN VOODOO MAGIC, O ZAMBARTA! I AM A DABBLED IN THE OCCULT--I HAVE ROAMED THE WORLD, FRUITLESSLY SEEKING THE SECRETS OF SORCERY THAT WOULD GIVE ME WEALTH AND POWER! I TRIED TO LEARN THE RITES OF VOODOO IN HAITI, BUT THERE I WAS TOLD THAT THE ONLY GREAT MASTER OF VOODOO, ZAMBARTA, HAD LEFT THE ISLAND FOR THE NEW WORLD OVER A CENTURY AGO!

THWARTED IN MY SEARCH FOR POWER, I RETURNED TO THE SARTORIS PLANTATION--ONLY TO FIND THAT MY FATHER HAD DIED, AND THAT HE HAD DISINHERITED ME BECAUSE I HAD NEVER STAYED HOME TO TEND TO THE PLANTATION THE WAY MY BROTHER, ANDREW, HAD DONE! AND WHEN I LEARNED THAT THE FABULOUSLY PROFITABLE PLANTATION HAD BEEN LEFT TO ANDREW AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, I KNEW THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO **DIE**--THAT ALL THE WEALTH HAD TO BE MINE!

BUT I KNEW I HAD TO KILL THEM WITHOUT AROUISING THE SUSPICIONS OF THE POLICE! IT WAS THEN THAT I RECALLED THE LEGENDS OF **YOUR** BLACK MAGIC, ZAMBARTA--AND I KNEW THAT **YOU** WERE THE ANSWER! FOR WEEKS I QUESTIONED THE FEARFUL BAYOU NATIVES--BUT AT LAST THEIR DIRECTIONS LED ME TO **YOU**! AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR THE MAGIC THAT WILL HELP ME GET THE PLANTATION AND ITS FORTUNE!

MA--I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU--A VOODOO QUANBA DOLL!

FIRST, THE POSSESSOR OF THIS DOLL HAS TO WORK HIMSELF UP TO THE PROPER DEGREE OF HATRED FOR HIS ENEMY! THEN, WHEN THE **DEATH-WISH** IS AT ITS HEIGHT, FLINGING THE DOLL INTO A FIRE WILL INSTANTLY SUMMON UP A **FIENDISH DEMON** FROM THE UNKNOWN--WHO WILL SLAY THE ENEMY! THE DOLL IS **YOURS**, FOR MY USUAL PRICE

--\$100,000!

HMM, THE PLANTATION IS WORTH OVER A MILLION--I'LL PAY YOU AS SOON AS I GET RID OF MY BROTHER AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER! BUT FOR THAT, I'LL NEED **THREE** DOLLS--LET ME HAVE THE OTHER TWO ON THAT SHELF BEHIND YOU!

I WON'T RISK KILLING THEM AND GETTING CAUGHT--BUT THERE'S NO RISK IN KILLING **YOU** FOR THOSE THREE DOLLS! WE'RE A HUNDRED MILES FROM NOWHERE--NO ONE WILL HEAR THE SHOTS!

FOOL--DIDN'T YOUR DABBLINGS IN THE OCCULT TEACH YOU THAT **NO ORDINARY BULLET** CAN KILL A VOODOO WITCH?

NO! IT TAKES 20 YEARS TO PERFORM THE INTRICATE MAGICAL RITES NECESSARY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF EACH DOLL--AND I'M KEEPING THE OTHERS TO USE AGAINST **YOU** IN CASE YOU DON'T PAY ME! YOU'LL HAVE TO MANAGE WITH ONE DOLL--YOU CAN ALWAYS KILL THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER YOURSELF!

SURE--I KNEW THAT A VOODOO WITCH CAN LIVE FOREVER--UNLESS **SILVER** PIERCES HER HEART! AND THAT'S WHY I CAME ARMED WITH **SILVER BULLETS**--JUST IN CASE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE OBSTINATE!

YAHGHHH!



HA, ALL THREE OUANGA DOLLS ARE MINE NOW--AND SOON THE **SARTORIS PLANTATION** WILL BE ALL MINE!



TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE SARTORIS PLANTATION--

YES, ANDY--DAD'S DEATH HAS MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT! IF I'D STAYED HERE AND HELPED HIM WITH THE BURDEN OF MANAGING THE PLANTATION, PERHAPS HE'D HAVE LIVED A FEW YEARS LONGER! SO FROM NOW ON, I'D LIKE TO STAY HOME AND HELP OUT--IF YOU'RE WILLING TO HAVE ME!

OF COURSE, FLOYD--I'M **DELIGHTED** TO HAVE MY WANDERING BROTHER BACK AGAIN!

I DON'T LIKE UNCLE FLOYD--HE DIDN'T BRING ME ANY PRESENT!

WHY, MADGE--HOW COULD YOU SAY A THING LIKE THAT?

I'LL MAKE UP FOR IT, MADGE--I PROMISE TO GIVE YOU A **BIG SURPRISE** SOME DAY SOON!



LEAVES THAT DAY --

ALL THREE OF THEM HAVE GONE OUT TO GIVE MADGE A HORSEBACK-RIDING LESSON-- NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE FIREPLACE AND THROW THE FIRST DOLL INTO THE FLAMES! I'LL START WITH **ANDREW**--IT'LL BE EASY TO WORK UP TO THE PROPER DEGREE OF HATRED AGAINST **HIM**! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK OF HOW HE'S KEEPING ME FROM A **Fortune**!

I HATE MY BROTHER, **ANDREW**! HE WAS ALWAYS THE FAVORITE SON, ALWAYS GETTING THE ATTENTION THAT I WANTED! AND NOW HE'S GOTTEN THE PLANTATION AND THE FORTUNE THAT I WANTED---AND I HATE HIM WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BODY!

YES, I HATE HIM -- AND I WISH HE WERE **DEAD**!

AN INSTANT LATER, ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE SARTORIS MANSION...

GREAT SCOTT --THAT--THAT **THING** SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!

MOMMY... DADDY... L...LOOK!

OHHH!

ANDREW!

HELP!

AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN HORSES FLEE IN UNCONTROLLABLE TERROR FROM THE AWFUL DENIZEN OF THE UNKNOWN...

YAAAGHHHH!

SMASH

GATER...

SOB!...IT...IT WAS **HORRIBLE**, INSPECTOR! I SAW THAT MONSTER HURL MY HUSBAND TO HIS DEATH...SOB!...AND THEN IT...IT JUST **DISAPPEARED**!

NOW, NOW, JUNE...TRY TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

WE'LL HAVE TO DISREGARD HER STORY...SHE'S OBVIOUSLY **HYSTERIC**AL!

NO, IT **WAS** A MONSTER WHO KILLED DADDY!... AND IT'S ALL MY **UNCLE FLOYD'S** FAULT...I JUST **KNOW** IT IS! NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE HE CAME!

SHE'S RAVING DELIRIOUSLY, TOO, INSPECTOR! I'LL HIRE A NURSE FOR BOTH OF THEM TONIGHT!

GOOD IDEA! I'LL REPORT THE DEATH AS DUE TO CAUSES **UNKNOWN**!

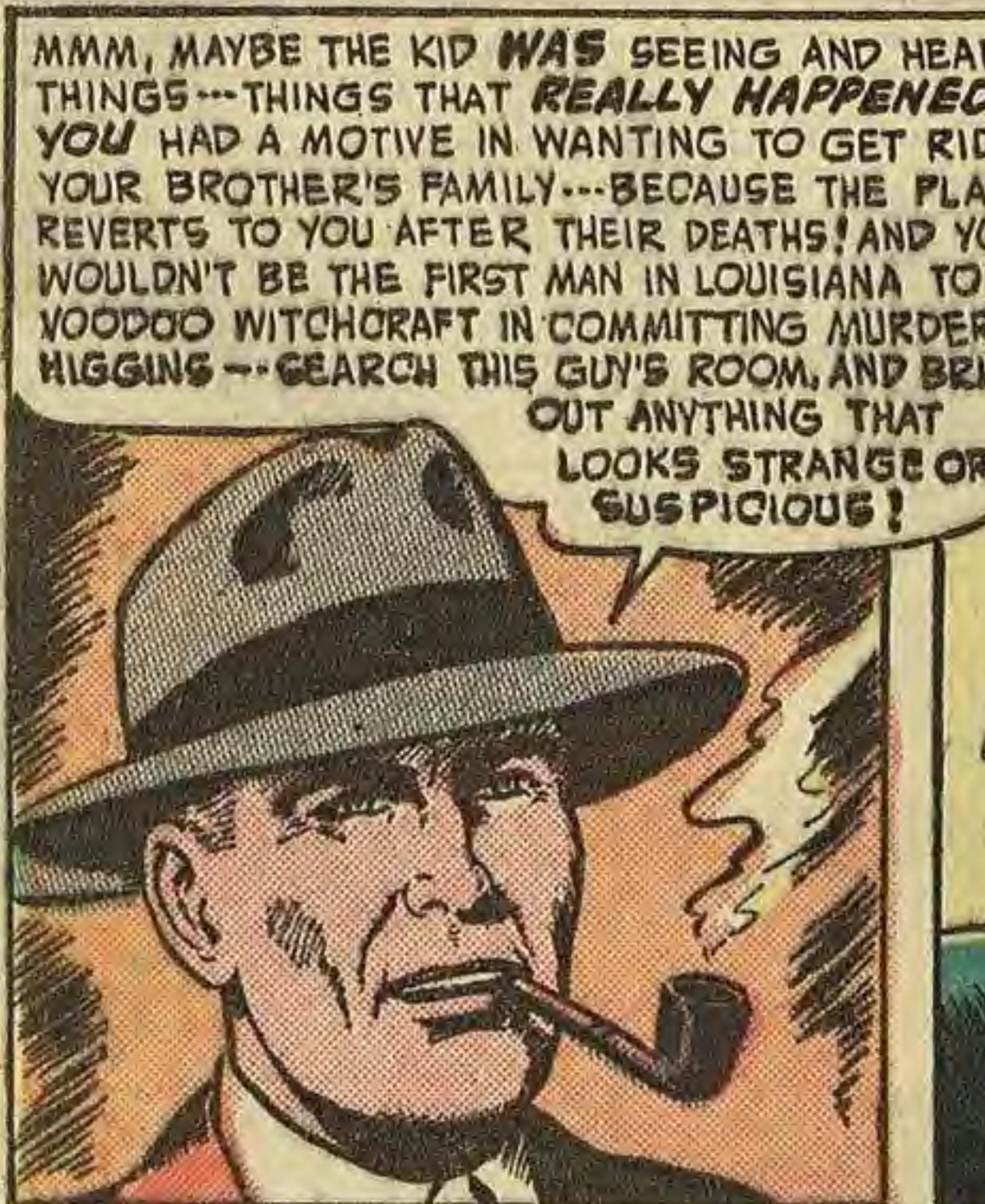


LATE THAT NIGHT...

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS TO HIRE A NURSE AND ORDER HER TO SIT OUTSIDE JUNE'S ROOM! WHEN THE DEMON STRIKES AGAIN, THE NURSE WILL SWEAR THAT I WASN'T EVEN NEAR THE ROOM...AND I'LL HAVE A PERFECT ALIBI! NOW TO USE THE **SECOND DOLL**... AGAINST JUNE!

I HATE MY SISTER-IN-LAW, JUNE...SHE'S KEEPING ME FROM THE SARTORIS FORTUNE THAT'S RIGHTFULLY **MINE**! I HATE HER...AND I WISH SHE WERE **DEAD**!







EDITOR

# LET'S TALK IT OVER!

WE'VE GOT A lot to talk over this month! So let's start in with heartiest greetings to all of you loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"...and then get down to business!

It seems that we've got something on our editorial chest that we feel you should know. Just a few days ago, we met an old acquaintance who hailed us with these words: "Hear you folks are putting out 'Forbidden Worlds' now! Looks like you're making a business out of the supernatural, what with two leading magazines going full blast!"

Here's what we told him...and we think that you'd like to know it, too! The great and unknown realms of the supernatural means far more than just a business to us. It's a challenge, an inspiration. For what more fascinating pursuit can be found than delving into the occult in search of the strange and eerie findings that lurk beyond the borders of known fact? We, too, are fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown". And we, too, are faithful and fascinated readers of the very material which we labor so lovingly to produce. Even as you, we thrill to strange tales of specters and

phantoms...gasp at weird stories of zombies, vampires and werewolves...chill delightedly to the midnight doings of the dark denizens of forbidden worlds! And that, we feel, accounts for the nationwide success of this magazine. It explains how such an issue as this one has been made possible. It's an issue which we think you'll enjoy...because it runs the gamut of the supernatural. There's "The Lost Lives of Laura Hastings", for instance...a breathless account of a soul's reincarnation through the ages. In radically different vein is "Dolls of Doom", a fast-paced treatment of the dread voodoo problem. "The Shape of Evil" offers a tease account of a spectral menace...and "The Buried Brain" is a real thriller for the midnight hours. "Citadel of Evil" is literally out of this world...and winds up a thrill-laden issue.

As usual, we want to know how you like these stories...or what else you'd like us to carry. Address your letters to *The Editor, Adventures Into The Unknown, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.* Meanwhile, here's what a few of you have been saying:

"Dear Editor:

Recently I discovered 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and was so impressed that I immediately entered my subscription. The stories in your wonderful magazine were all great, but I was most impressed with 'The Undying Brain' and 'Halls of Horror'. If all the other issues of your book are as good as this, I'll be well satisfied. And although my subscription will assure me of all your future issues, I would like to buy or exchange for back issues with any comic fans who might like to write me. Here's wishing long life to 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

—Roger Dard, 232 James St., Perth, Western Australia

"Dear Editor:

I am an ardent fan of the supernatural, and am more than delighted with your stories in "Adventures Into The Unknown". I've read many comics, but definitely find yours best of them all. I liked 'Flight of the Dead' best in your September issue, and suggest more tales of zombies and vampires.

—Jack Sabl, Lincoln, Neb.

"Dear Editor:

"Adventures Into The Unknown" is tops with me! I like it because of the suspense, mystery and excitement present in every story. Those I enjoyed most were 'The Thing That Lived Again' and 'Shadow of the Wolf'. Always a fan...

—Phyllis Opiopio, Honolulu, Hawaii

Don't forget to read our companion magazine... "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"!

# WARDING off WITCHES

DO YOU BELIEVE IN WITCHES, READER? WELL, WHETHER YOU DO OR NOT, WE THINK YOU'D BETTER READ THESE HINTS ON HOW TO WARD THEM OFF --- JUST IN CASE YOU EVER COME FACE TO FACE WITH ONE!



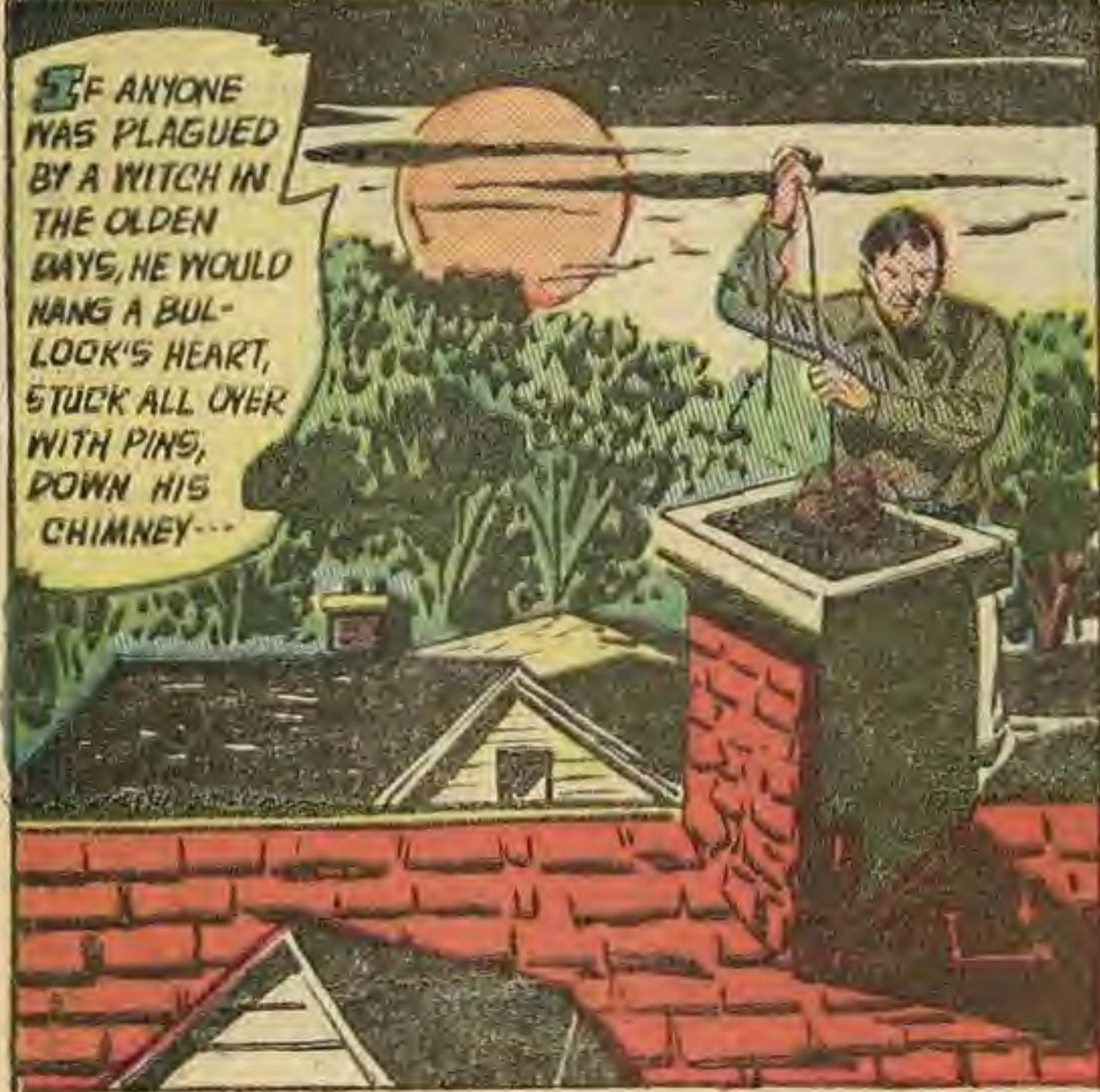
A BUNCH OF WOODEN KEYS CARRIED IN THE LEFT HAND, OR IN THE LEFT STOCKING, IS SAID TO BE A GUARANTEE AGAINST PERSONAL HARM BY WITCHES!



LEDDER STONES, ALSO KNOWN AS SORCERERS' DOGS, WERE HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE ANCIENT BREDS AS A CHARM TO HANG OFF WITCHES! IN SOME PARTS OF WALES, THE STONES ARE KNOWN EVEN TODAY AS GLAINE MAN DRUINNE, THE DRUIDS OR MAGICIANS' STONES --- AND MANY WELSHMEN ALWAYS HAD ONE HANDY, JUST IN CASE!



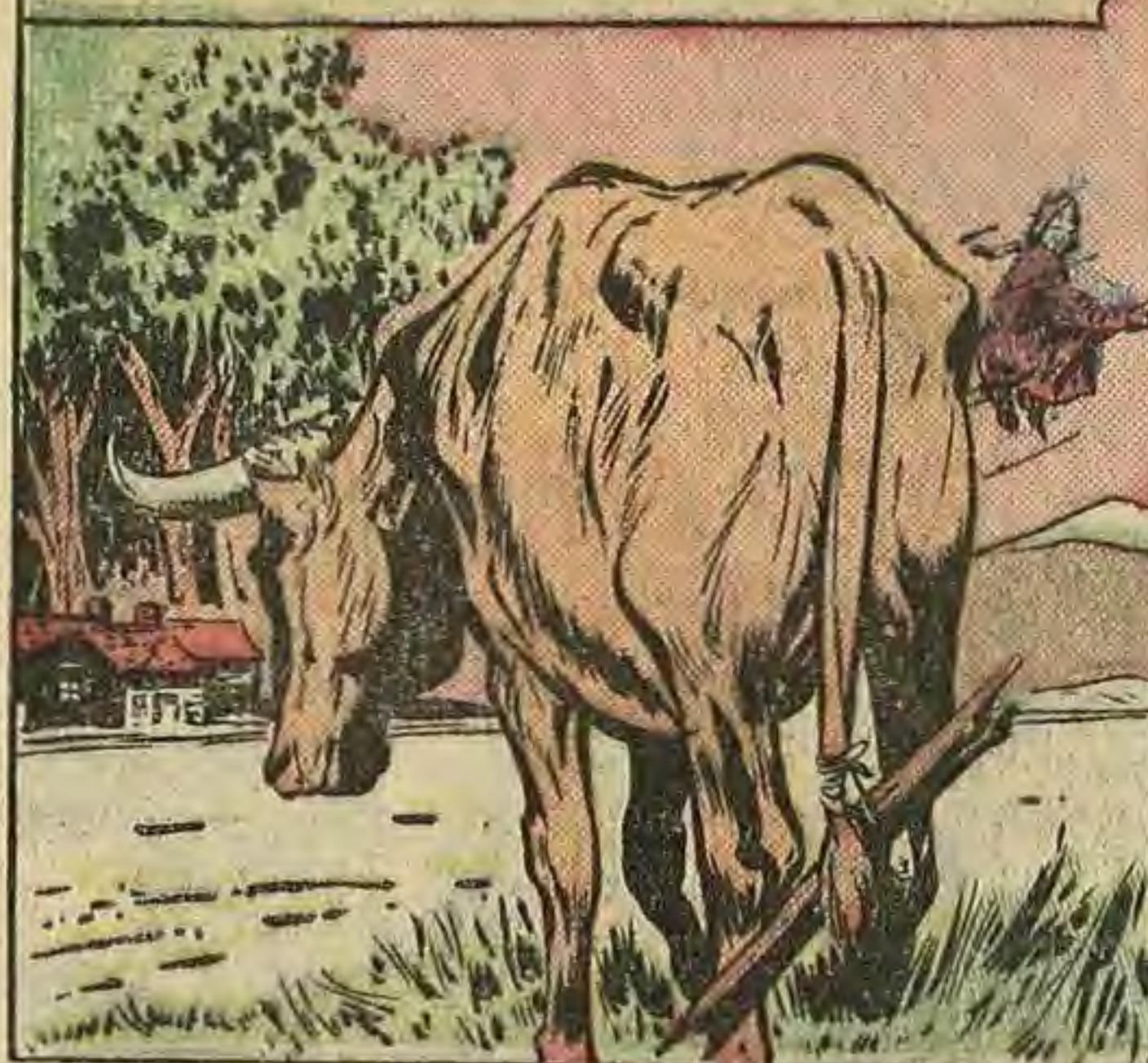
IF ANYONE WAS PLAGUED BY A WITCH IN THE OLDE DAYS, HE WOULD HANG A BULL-DOOK'S HEART, STUCK ALL OVER WITH PINS, DOWN HIS CHIMNEY---



--- AND THIS WOULD REVERSE THE WITCH'S MAGIC, GIVING HER SUCH PAINS THAT SHE WOULD REMOVE THE SPELL SHE HAD CAST OVER HER VICTIM!



**I**N SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES, IT IS BELIEVED THAT IF A FARMER DOESN'T TIE BRANCHES OF ROWAN WOOD AROUND THE TAILS OF HIS CATTLE WITH RED THREAD...



---THEN WITCHES WILL BE AT WORK  
MILKING HIS CATTLE!



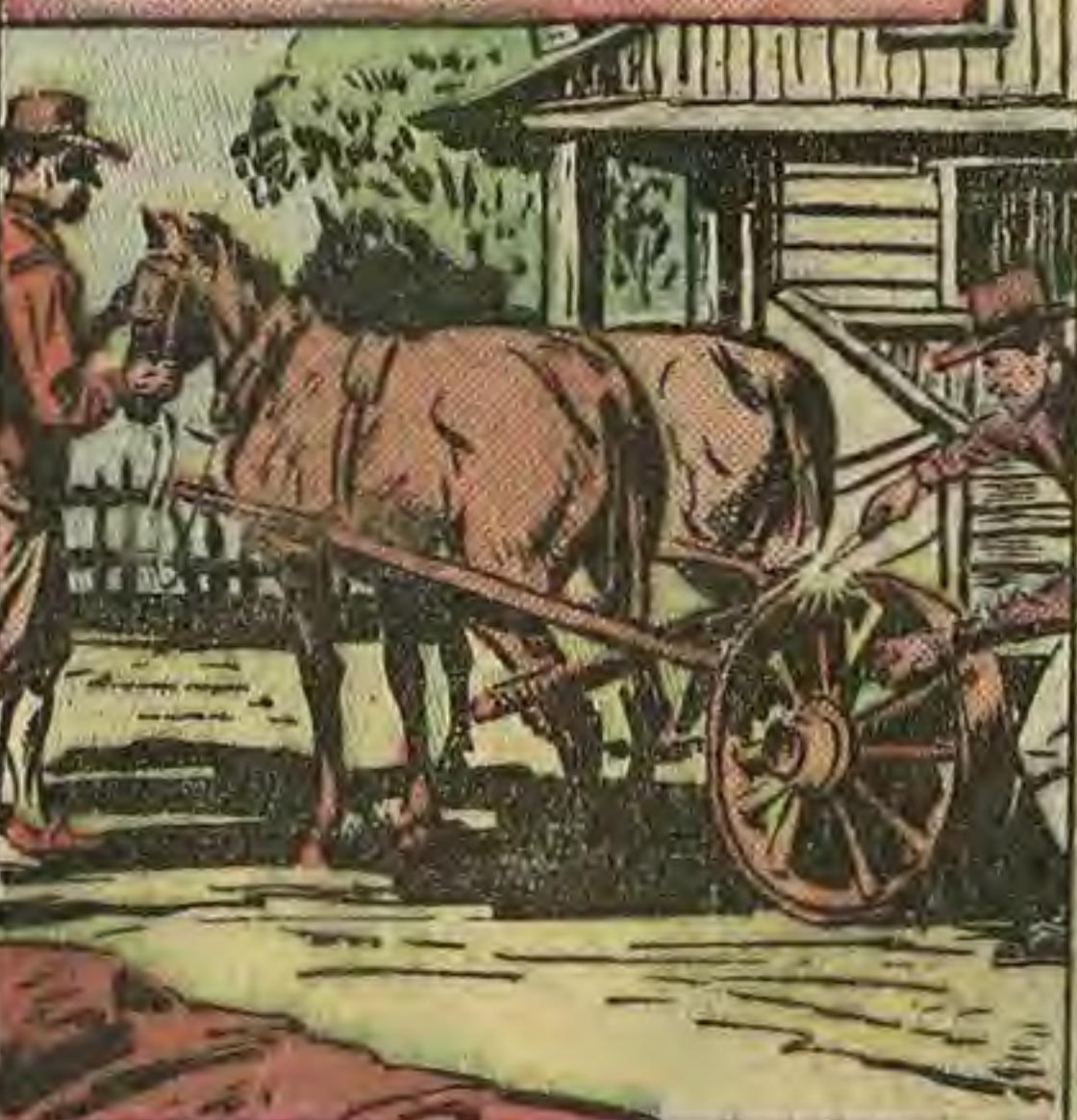
**I**F WITCHES BEWITCHED A HOUSE OR A FIELD, A BONFIRE OF THAT SAME ROWAN WOOD -- ALSO KNOWN AS MOUNTAIN ASH -- WAS SAID TO DRIVE THEM AWAY AND LIFT THE SPELL!



STEEL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANOTHER PROTECTION AGAINST WITCHES AND THE EVIL EYE -- AND IT WAS A COMMON PRACTICE TO PLACE A KNIFE OR A PIECE OF IRON UNDER THE DOORSTEP OF A HOUSE TO KEEP WITCHES AT BAY!



**O**R, WHENEVER A HORSE AND WAGON PASSED THE COTTAGE OF A KNOWN OR SUSPECTED WITCH, ONE OF THE RIDERS WOULD PLACE THE BLADE OF HIS POCKET KNIFE AGAINST THE IRON TIRE OF THE WAGON WHEEL...



...AND THE WITCH WOULD SCREAM IN AGONY AND BE POWERLESS TO DO ANY HARM!

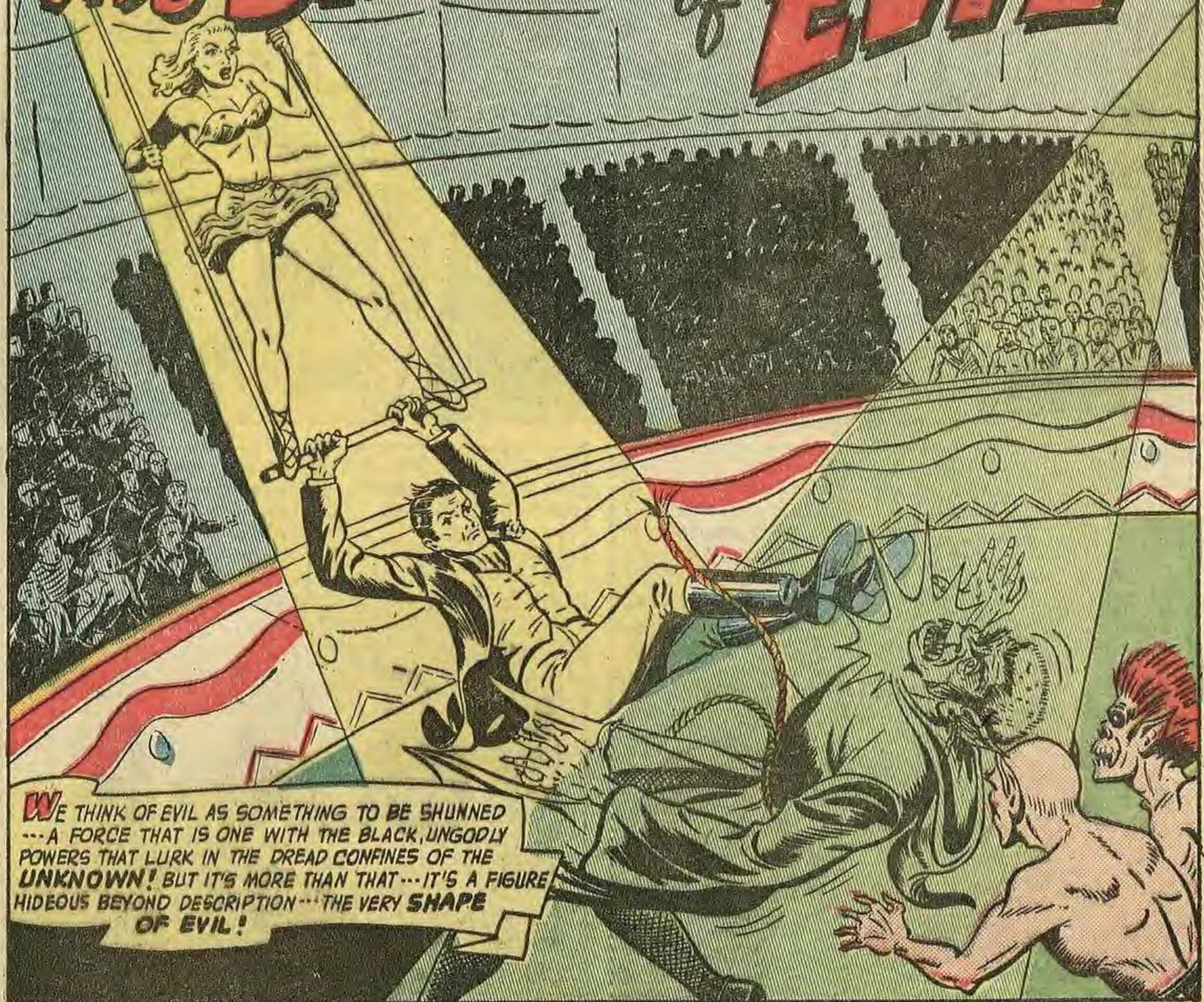


**A**ND IF YOU'RE EVER BEWITCHED, READER, YOU MIGHT TRY THIS FORMULA PRINTED IN AN ANCIENT BOOK ON DEMONOLOGY ---

Bear's grease, 8 ounces.  
Capon's grease, 24 ounces.  
three trunks of the mistle-  
toe, of hazel while green  
... cut it in pieces and pound  
it small till it becomes  
moist. Mix it all up in a phial,  
and expose to the sun for 9  
weeks, where with if you  
anoint the body of the be-  
witched, the spell will  
instantly be lifted!

**I**F THE FORMULA WORKS, THEN  
YOU'LL HAVE DELVED INTO THE UN-  
KNOWN MYSTERIES OF THE OCCULT!

# The SHAPE of EVIL



WE THINK OF EVIL AS SOMETHING TO BE SHUNNED  
...A FORCE THAT IS ONE WITH THE BLACK, UNGODLY  
POWERS THAT LURK IN THE DREAD CONFINES OF THE  
UNKNOWN! BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT...IT'S A FIGURE  
HIDEOUS BEYOND DESCRIPTION...THE VERY SHAPE  
OF EVIL!

ONE NIGHT...AS CIRCUS WAGONS RUMBLE ACROSS A  
LARGE LOT...

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO  
GLUM ABOUT, DON? EVERY-  
THING'S GOING SMOOTHLY  
...WE'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE  
FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S  
OPENING PERFORMANCE!

YEP...AND I DREAD IT! I HATE  
TO SEE YOU RISK YOUR LIFE  
ON THE HIGH WIRE, ARLENE  
...NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! YET  
YOU'RE MY ONLY TOP-  
RANKING PERFORMER AND  
CUMMINGS COLOSSAL  
CIRCUS IS BARELY MAKING  
ENDS MEET!

ONCE IN A LIFETIME, A CIRCUS  
OWNER FINDS A UNIQUE ATTRACT-  
ION THAT DRAWS CAPACITY CROWDS  
...BUT I'VE GIVEN UP HOPING IT'LL  
EVER HAPPEN TO ME!

THERE'S NO USE BROOD-  
ING ABOUT THE FUTURE,  
DARLING! YOU PAY  
**SWAMI SEERUTI**  
TO TELL FORTUNES  
FOR THE TICKET HOLD-  
ERS...WHY NOT SEE  
WHAT'S IN STORE  
FOR YOURSELF?



YOU'VE PROBABLY  
GUESSED I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN THIS SORT  
OF THING, SWAMI...  
SINCE I'VE NEVER HAD  
MY FORTUNE TOLD  
BEFORE!

THERE CAN BE OTHER  
REASONS! SOMETIMES  
A PERSON'S INNER SELF  
IS AFRAID... **SOME-**  
**TIMES IT IS BEST**  
**NOT TO KNOW!**

**KOPHAR HASBUK**  
**HAKKI VOOL!**  
THESE ARE THE  
MAGIC WORDS THAT  
CAUSE THE POWERS  
OF LIGHT TO TRACE  
THE PATTERN OF  
THE FUTURE IN  
THE ASHES!

AND INSIDE... A DREAD VISION!

DON...  
THAT  
FACE!



YE GODS! NOTHING THAT  
REALISTIC CAN BE DUE TO  
MERE ACCIDENT OR TRICK-  
ERY... IT'S LIKE A  
PORTRAIT OF  
EVIL!

YES... AND IT IS LURKING  
HERE! BEWARE, MY  
FRIEND... IT IS STRONG  
... IT WILL CLAIM  
VICTIMS!

BUT IF EVIL HAS BOTH SHAPE  
AND APPEARANCE... WHERE  
IS IT? WHY CAN'T IT BE  
SEEN?

BECAUSE IT PROWLS BETWEEN  
SHADOW AND DARKNESS...  
BECAUSE MIDNIGHT IS ITS  
HIDING PLACE! BUT WHEN IT  
COMES THIS CLOSE, IT  
SHOULD BE SEARCHED  
OUT... **BEFORE IT  
STRIKES!**



I RATE TO SAY THIS, SWAMI--  
BUT IT'S A FATAL WOUND! I--  
I PROMISE WE'LL HUNT  
DOWN THAT MADMAN!

YOU MUST NOT--TELL THE POLICE!  
THIS KIND OF TROUBLE MAY  
KEEP PEOPLE AWAY--CLOSE THE  
CIRCUS! WHY SHOULD MY  
DEATH CAUSE THAT? PROMISE  
INSTEAD THAT YOU'LL HAVE FAITH  
IN THE POWER OF JUSTICE--  
AND BURY ME SECRETLY!

KOPHAR HASBUK HAKKI WOOL--AS IT  
WAS WRITTEN, SO SHALL IT BE! EVIL CAN  
STRIKE, BUT NEVER CONQUER--EVIL  
WILL RECEIVE ITS DUE!



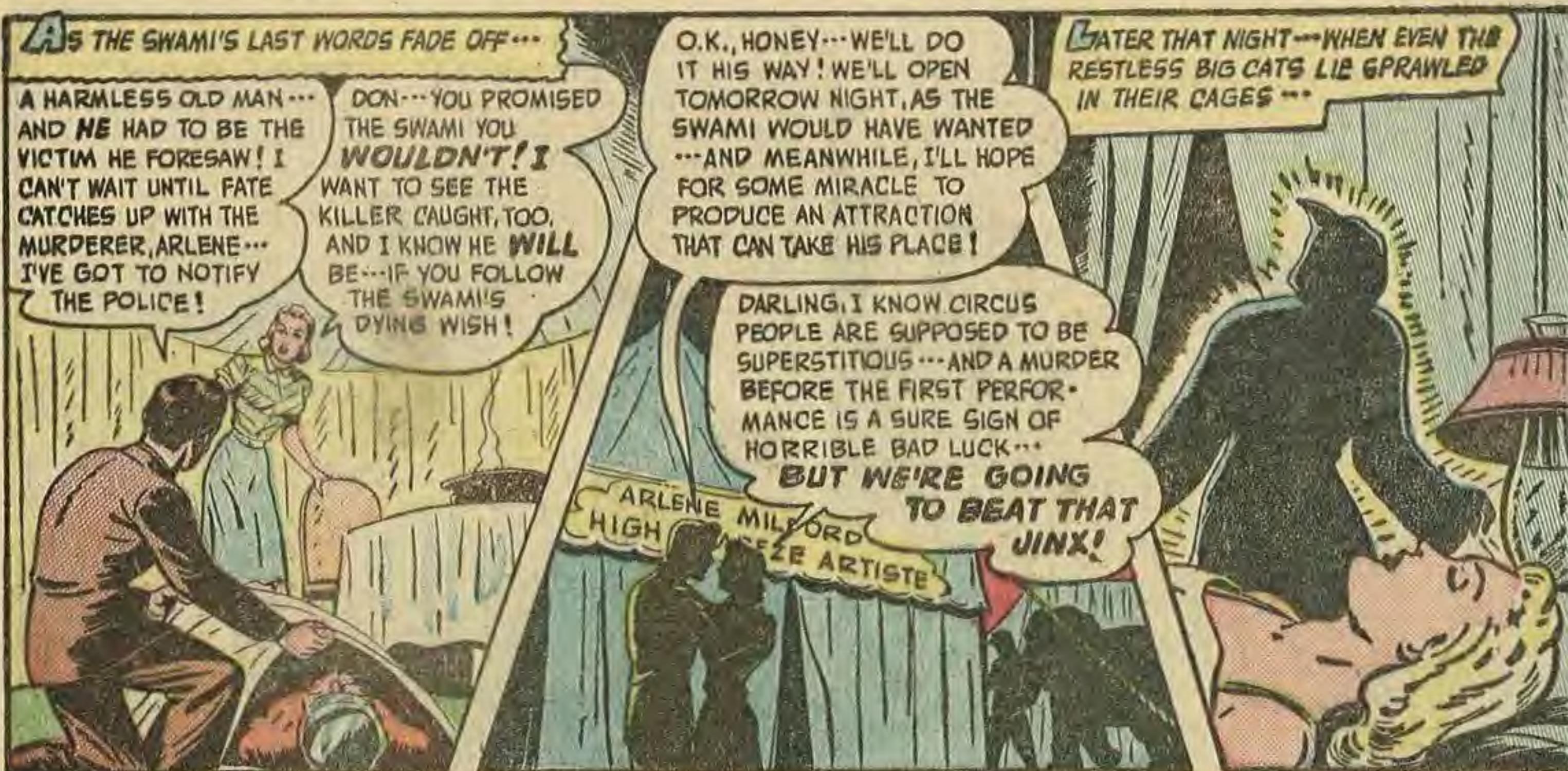
AS THE SWAMI'S LAST WORDS FADE OFF--

A HARMLESS OLD MAN--  
AND HE HAD TO BE THE  
VICTIM HE FORESAW! I  
CAN'T WAIT UNTIL FATE  
CATCHES UP WITH THE  
MURDERER, ARLENE...  
I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY  
THE POLICE!

DON--YOU PROMISED  
THE SWAMI YOU  
**WOULDN'T!** I  
WANT TO SEE THE  
KILLER CAUGHT, TOO,  
AND I KNOW HE **WILL**  
BE--IF YOU FOLLOW  
THE SWAMI'S  
DYING WISH!

O.K., HONEY--WE'LL DO  
IT HIS WAY! WE'LL OPEN  
TOMORROW NIGHT, AS THE  
SWAMI WOULD HAVE WANTED  
--AND MEANWHILE, I'LL HOPE  
FOR SOME MIRACLE TO  
PRODUCE AN ATTRACTION  
THAT CAN TAKE HIS PLACE!

LATER THAT NIGHT--WHEN EVEN THE  
RESTLESS BIG CATS LIE SPRAWLED  
IN THEIR CAGES--



WHEN, ROUSED BY A TERROR STRONG ENOUGH TO STAB THROUGH  
SLEEP--

WHAT KIND OF  
HIDEOUS THING  
ARE YOU?  
**HELP!**

GREAT GUNS! ARLENE'S IN  
TROUBLE -- AND I'M THE  
BOY TO HANDLE  
IT!

ACHILLES  
THE  
STRONG  
MAN

DON'T BE AFRAID, ARLENE -- I'LL  
HEAVE THIS CHARACTER SO FAR  
HE'LL SPROUT A BEARD BEFORE  
HE LANDS!



IN A FLASH, THE GRIM INTRUDER TWISTS AROUND... AND UNEXPECTEDLY...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE...

...BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THAT MASK!

CRASH!

POW!

DON...WAIT!  
HAVEN'T WE  
HAD ENOUGH  
TROUBLE  
TONIGHT?

CALM DOWN...BEFORE I GET ANGRY!  
AFTER ALL, ISN'T IT **NATURAL** TO  
WANDER INTO THE WRONG TENT...  
WHEN YOU VISIT A CIRCUS FOR THE  
FIRST TIME, LOOKING FOR A JOB IN  
THE FREAK SHOW?

NO DICE, BUD...THE  
LAD YOU JUST MUSCLED  
...ACHILLES...IS OUR  
STRONG MAN!

THAT ISN'T WHAT I'M  
AFTER! I'M BILLED  
AS **MONSTRO**...

...THE UGLIEST  
MAN ALIVE!

DON...DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT?  
**IT'S THE FACE OF EVIL**...  
THE HIDEOUS THING THAT  
FORETOLD THE SWAMI'S  
**DEATH!**

EASY, SWEETHEART...  
FREAKS ARE SENSITIVE PEOPLE!



AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE—

A KILLER! SO MONSTRO ISN'T THE ONE THEY'RE AFTER...BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP FEELING HE'S THE LURKING EVIL SWAMI SEERUTI DETECTED! I'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE BEFORE MY TRAPEZE ACT...AND I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



WE'VE GOT THE SAME ANGLE, MONSTRO--BECAUSE WITH THE COPS CLOSING IN ON ME, I FIGURED A CROWDED CIRCUS MAKES A PERFECT HIDEOUT! I GOT RATTLED LAST NIGHT WHEN THAT OLD SWAMI SPOKE AS IF HE KNEW I WAS HERE... SO I PLUGGED HIM!

THE EVIL HE FORESAW WAS ME... BUT THE FACT THAT YOU CAN LOOK INTO MY FACE WITHOUT FEAR PROVES WE ARE KINDRED SPIRITS! NOW, WHAT ABOUT MY OFFER...ARE YOU READY TO JOIN MY CONCLAVE OF FIENDS FOR ALL ETERNITY?

WHY NOT? IF IT'LL MEAN KEEPING CLEAR OF THE COPS AND GETTING IN WITH SOMEONE WHO'S GOT ME SIZED UP RIGHT...WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?



MY PRICE IS SMALL--YOU MUST LOOK LIKE THE OTHERS WHO FOLLOW ME! CHANGE...DROP YOUR MORTAL DISGUISE...BECOME THE SHAPE OF EVIL THAT SEETHES INSIDE YOU!

Then...IN THE THROES OF A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION...



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

YUUUGH!

OH! SOMETHING HUMAN... TURNING INTO THAT!

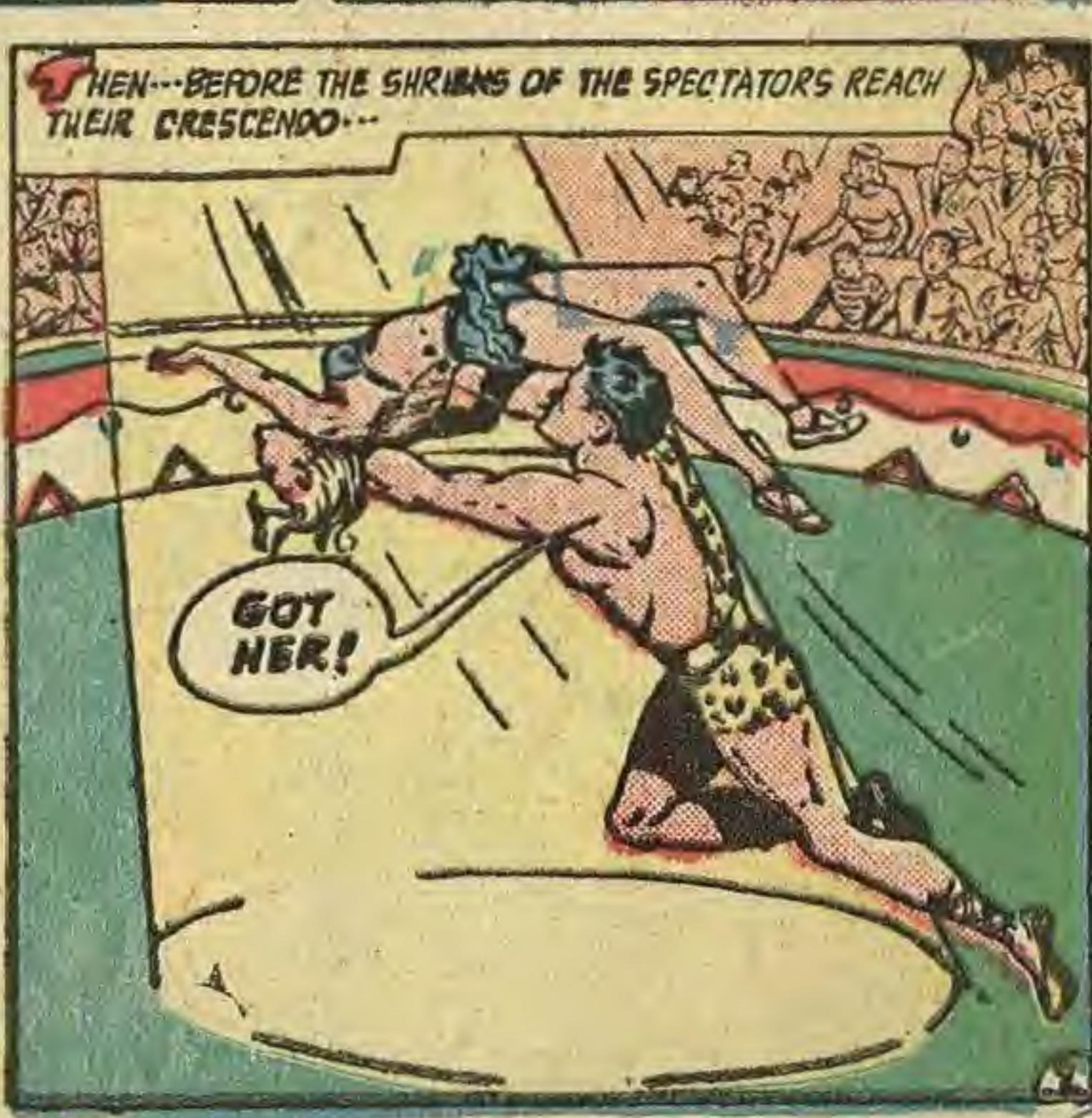


SPURRED BY PANIC, ARLENE FLEES...

SHE LISTENED...BUT SHE'LL FIND THIS IS JUST PART OF THE SWAMI'S WARNING! IN A FEW MINUTES, SHE'LL KNOW WHAT THE REST MEANS...DEATH!

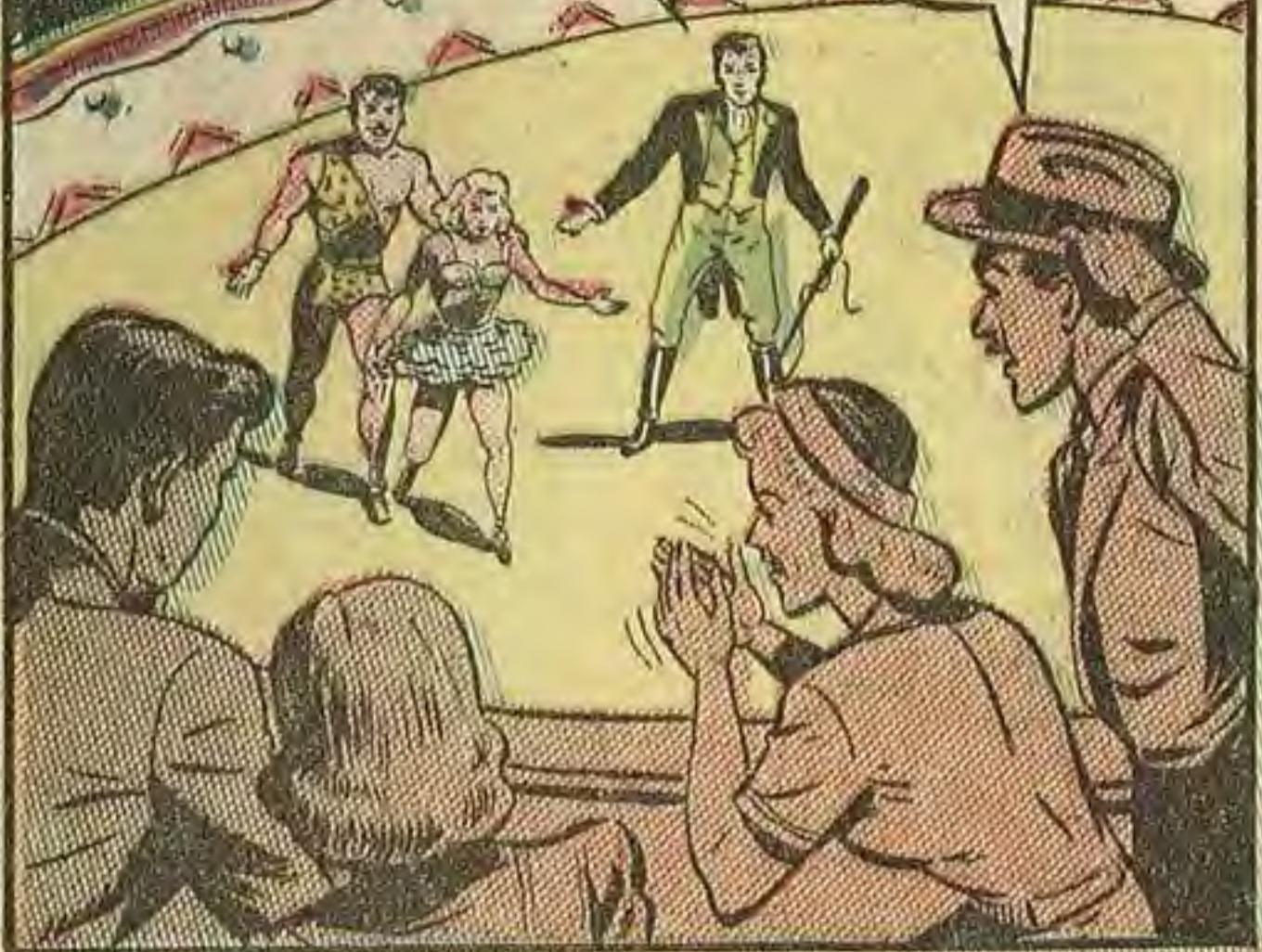
A MOMENT LATER...

LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, WE'VE REACHED THE HIGH POINT OF OUR SHOW...THE DARING, DEATH-DEFYING DARLING OF THE TRAPEZE...ARLENE MILFORD!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WITH THIS SURPRISE FINALE FEATURING ARLENE AND ACHILLES...WE'VE REACHED THE END OF OUR PERFORMANCE!

I GUESS IT WAS ALL PART OF THE ACT! GOOD GOSH... IT HAD ME SCARED PINK!



AS THE CROWD STREAMS OUT OF THE TENT...

MONSTRO! DON, HE'S EVIL... EVIL ITSELF! I KNOW... BECAUSE I WATCHED HIM CHANGE THE CONVICT WHO KILLED SWAMI SEERUTI INTO ONE OF THE FIENDS HE CONTROLS!



THERE THEY GO! ACHILLES... IT WON'T BE ENOUGH TO TACKLE JUST MONSTRO AND HIS NEW DISCIPLE... WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE OTHERS IN HIS EVIL BAND!

I'M GAME, DON... LET'S FOLLOW THOSE CREEPS!



2 MILES BEYOND... AT A RUIN FACING THE MOONLIGHT LIKE A FANGED GRIN...

HONEY, I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU COME THIS FAR... BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT TO WAIT! I CAN'T LET YOU COME FACE TO FACE WITH STARK HORROR AGAIN!

DON! GET READY... THEY'VE SPOTTED US!

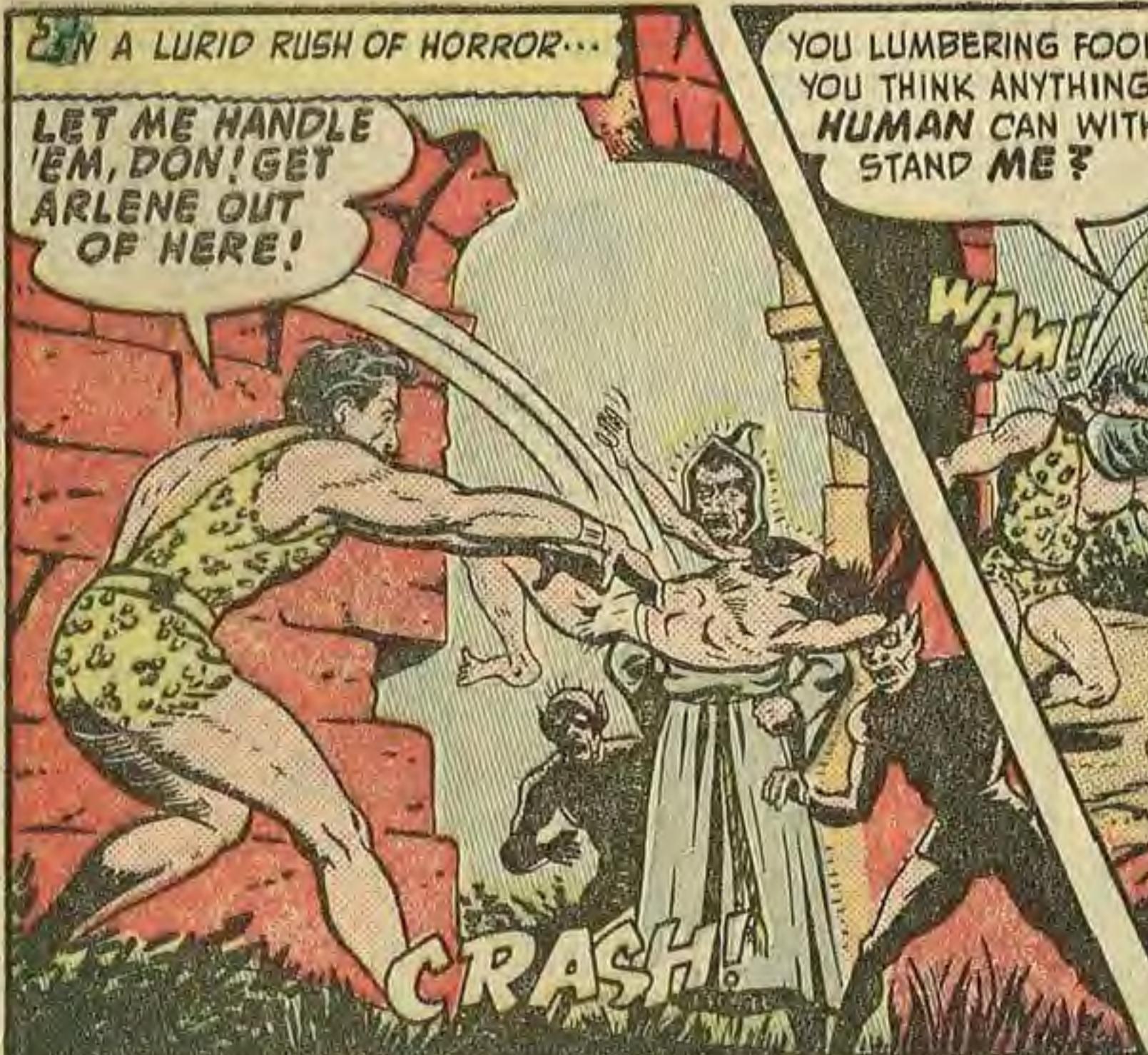


IN A LURID RUSH OF HORROR...

LET ME HANDLE 'EM, DON! GET ARLENE OUT OF HERE!

YOU LUMBERING FOOL... DO YOU THINK ANYTHING HUMAN CAN WITHSTAND ME?

ARLENE! YE GODS... THEY'RE GOT HER!



MINUTES LATER... HEMMED IN BY THE  
HIDEOUS HORDE...

HA-HA! HAVE YOU  
ANY DOUBT ABOUT THE  
POWER OF EVIL NOW?

BUT I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND,  
MONSTRO...  
WHY'D YOU  
PICK ON ME?

CAN'T YOU GUESS? I COULDN'T  
GO AROUND **OPENLY** LOOKING FOR  
ADDITIONS TO MY EVIL CONCLAVE... A  
FACE LIKE MINE, CROPPING UP AT  
MIDNIGHT WITHOUT REASON, WOULD  
SOON WARN PEOPLE THAT THE  
**POWER OF DARKNESS**  
WAS  
ABROAD!

I GET IT! THAT'S  
WHY YOU CHOSE THE  
ONE PLACE WHERE IT  
WOULD BE **NATURAL**  
TO FIND YOUR HIDEOUS  
COUNTEenance... A  
**CIRCUS FREAK  
SHOW!**

DON'T BE AFRAID,  
HONEY! MONSTRO  
MAY BE ABLE TO  
CLAIM HUMANS WHO  
HAVE GIVEN THEM-  
SELVES OVER TO  
EVIL... BUT **WE'RE**  
NOT IN THAT  
CLASS!

MAYBE NOT! BUT  
ONCE YOU'RE **DEAD**,  
WHO KNOWS WHAT  
YOUR **SPIRITS**  
WILL BE LIKE...  
**WHEN I HAVE**  
**FORCED THEM**  
**TO OBEY**  
**ME?**

LET'S THE JABBERING FIENDS DRAW  
CLOSER...  
IT'S NO USE TRY-  
ING TO BATTLE  
THEM, ACHILLES!  
SWAMI SEERUTI'S  
LAST WORDS WERE  
THAT **EVIL WILL**  
**RECEIVE ITS DUE!**  
BUT UNLESS IT  
HAPPENS PRONTO...  
**WE'RE**  
**LOST!**

YOU'RE FORGETTING  
SOMETHING **ELSE**  
THE SWAMI SAID,  
DON... THOSE MAGIC  
WORDS THAT WARNED  
US OF THE PRESENCE  
OF EVIL! **KOPHAR**  
**HASBUK HAKKI**  
**VOOL!**

IN THE NEXT INSTANT... DO YOU  
THINK A  
MERE GHOST  
CAN OUTFACE  
ME? WHAT  
CAN IT PIT  
AGAINST THE  
**POWER OF  
EVIL?**

THE ONE THING BY  
WHICH THE HUMAN  
RACE SURVIVES,  
FIEND... **THE POWER  
OF GOOD!**

YAAAGH!

CRACK!

MOMENT LATER... WITH ONLY THE FAINT TANG OF  
SULPHUR MARKING WHERE EVIL HAD STALKED...

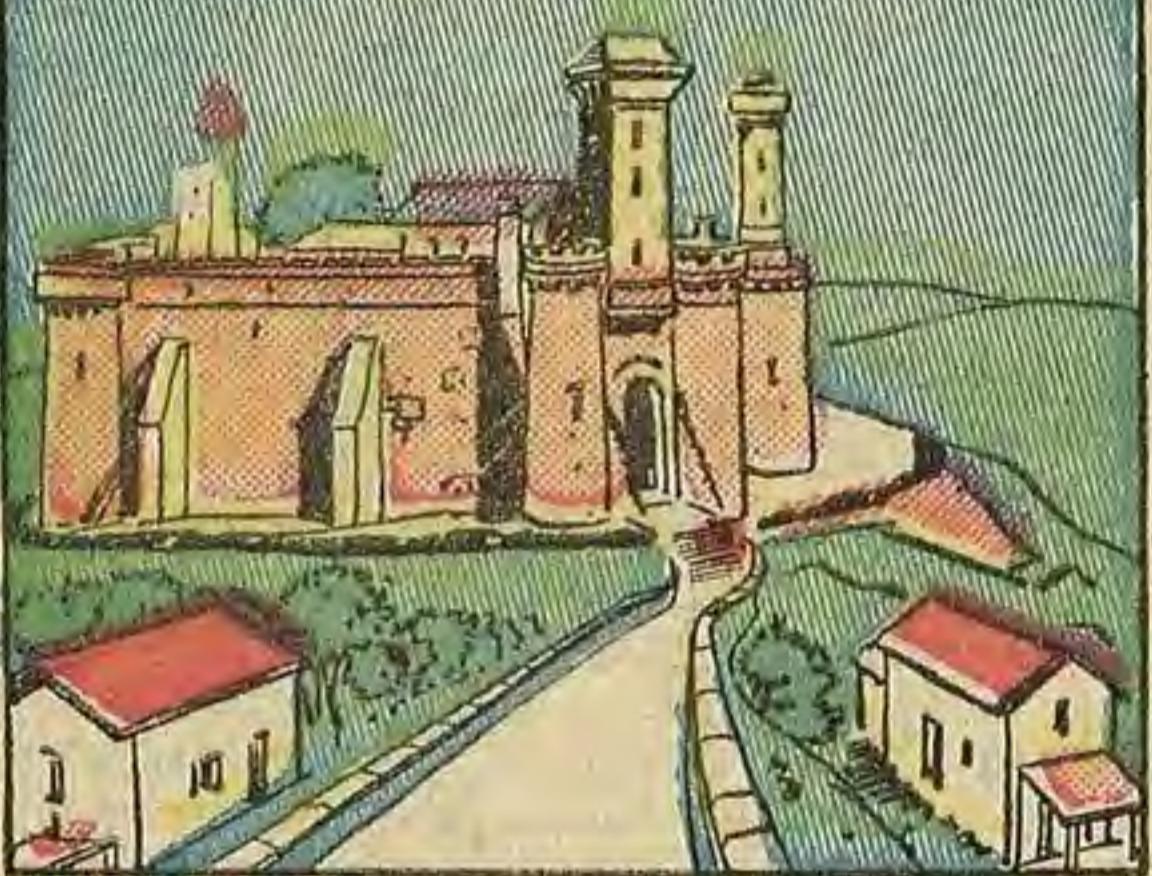
IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE  
THAT WE'VE GOTTEN RID  
OF EVIL **FOREVER**, DON  
... BUT AT LEAST THOSE  
FIENDS WERE DESTROYED...  
AND THE SWAMI'S  
MURDERER AMONG  
THEM!

THE WORLD'S A BETTER  
PLACE FOR IT, BABY! IT'S  
LIKE A SHINING OMEN  
FOR THE FUTURE... AND  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
IT MARKS A TURNING  
POINT FOR THE CUMMINGS  
COLOSSAL CIRCUS! WITH  
YOU AND ME AT THE HELM,  
WE'RE GOING TO PACK 'EM  
IN... AND IT WON'T BE  
BECAUSE WE'RE BILLING  
THE UGLIEST MAN  
ALIVE!

# "TRUE" GHOSTS of HISTORY

THE FRENZIED SISTERS

ANCIENT HAGG HOUSE IN DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND, STILL STANDS AS A GRIM MONUMENT TO THE TWO HORRIBLE SISTERS WHOSE GHOSTS CONTINUE TO ROAM THE BARONIAL HALLS IN A GRISLY REENACTMENT OF THEIR MUTUAL MURDERS!



ISABEAU AND MARGOT DE FRENCHEVILLE, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "FRENZIES", WERE AS DEMENTED AS THEY WERE UGLY -- AND UNABLE TO ATTRACT ANY HUSBANDS, THEY WERE FORCED TO VENT THEIR INSANE RAGES UPON ONE ANOTHER IN CONSTANT SHRIEKING BATTLES!



FINALLY, ON DECEMBER 10TH, 1685, THE TWO MADDENED, HATE-RIDDEN SISTERS BEGAN THEIR BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN HAGG HOUSE!



BLINDED WITH BLOOD AND RAGE, THEY BATTLED WITH TOOTH AND NAIL FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR -- AND THEN...



THEY PERISHED ON THE STONE-FLAGGED FLOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS -- BUT IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, THE FOLJAMBES AND TRIMPTONS, WHO NEXT OCCUPIED HAGG HOUSE, PERIODICALLY WITNESSED A REENACTMENT OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE!



SUCCEEDING TENANTS OF THE HAUNTED HALL WOULD SEE THE SAME INCREDIBLE SIGHT -- AND EVEN TO THIS DAY, IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOSTS OF THE FRENZIED SISTERS CAN BE SEEN HURTLING DOWN THE STAIRS -- ONLY TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE LOWER HALL AFTER THEIR DYING SHRIEKS HAVE FADED AWAY!



THE END

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# Vicious CIRCLE

THE ELEGANT COUNT di Montefeltro got out of the limousine and waved *aus wiedersehen* to his fiancee. He would see her tonight, he knew, to arrange the last details of the wedding. Chuckling, the Count turned to Pieta's jewelry shop, pausing only to be certain his wallet was still in his pocket.

Yes, it was there. The Count could do the handsome thing now. That was why he had come to Pieta's. After all, soon he would come into his fiancee's money. It was diplomatic...nay, a stroke of *genius* to present her with a rare jewel that would proclaim to all his unconcern for money.

The Count sighed. He had scraped up every last bit of cash.

Inside, the familiar salesman nodded deferentially. He took a small wooden box from the big, open safe, placed it on one of the small plush-covered tables and lit the big electric light above it.

The ring he extracted from the box glittered gold and platinum. It flashed with rubies.

"Ah!" The Count showed his satisfaction as he seated himself. "Beautiful. *Beautiful!*" He reached for the ring.

The salesman reluctantly drew back the box.

"I am sorry, Count, but Signor Pieta has insisted...well, after all, this is the famous poison ring of Lucrezia Borgia! You must be prepared to pay in cash!"

"I have the money," the count said, suavely. He threw the pile of notes on the table.

Still the salesman hesitated to hand him the box.

"You will excuse me, Count," he began obsequiously. "Signor Pieta bade me acquaint you with the ring's

history. It carries a *curse* against your own family...the Montefeltros!"

"I know, I know," the Count said, annoyed, taking the ring. "One of my ancestors sent the ring to Lucrezia Borgia in revenge for her poisoning a kinsman of his. Lucrezia detected the ring's hollow poison-filled needle in time. She swore to wipe out the di Montefeltro family if she had to do it from *beyond the grave*. Rubbish!" the Count exclaimed. "Superstition! The ring belongs to the di Montefeltros. And I am here to buy it back!"

He examined the great ring.

"You will notice, Signor," he said, "that the needle mechanism hidden in the cap of the ring has been removed, and..." he snapped back the hinged top, "...the poison compartment is empty! It is harmless. The ring returns to the last of the di Montefeltros!"

Swiftly the Count slipped the ring on the middle finger of his right hand. He examined it carefully under the light. The ring sparkled and glowed in matchless colors.

"You see," he began triumphantly, "the story is nonsense, a mere fiction, a figment of..."

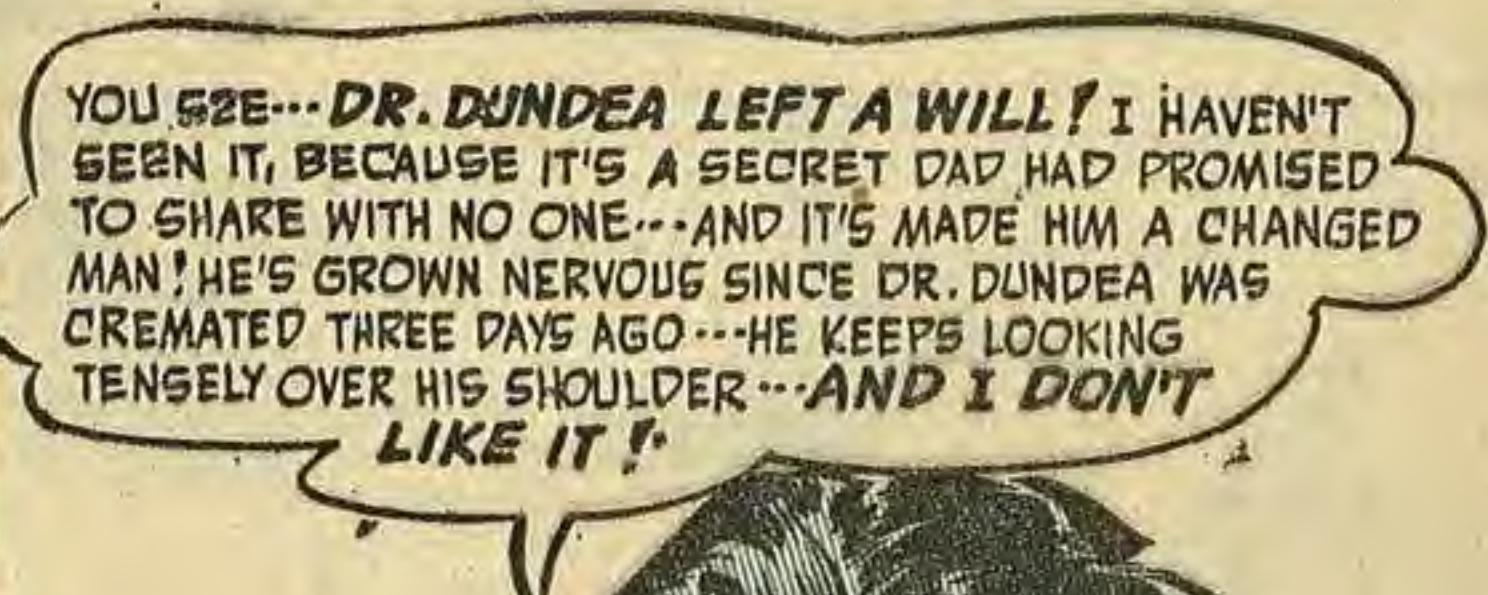
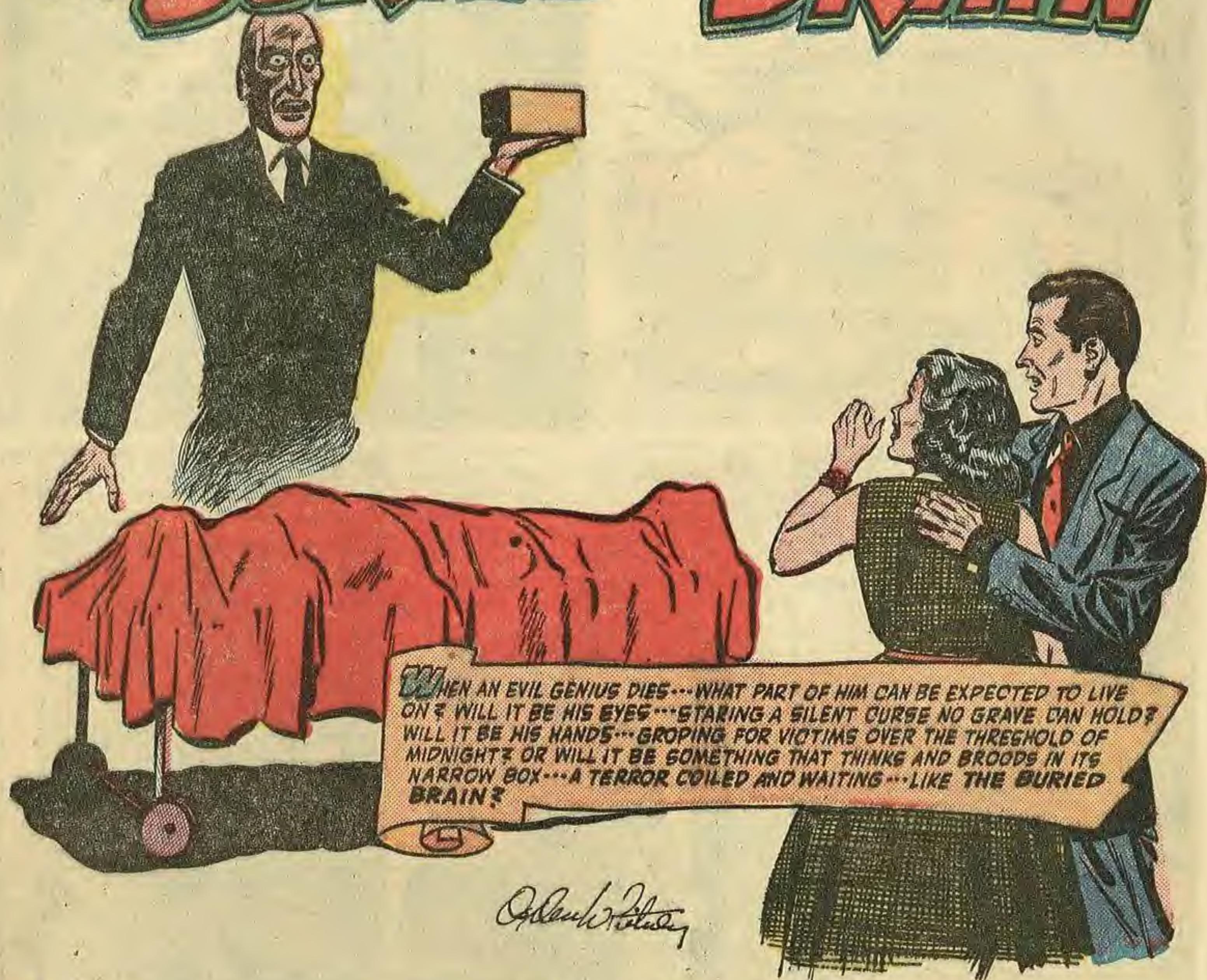
The Count's face twisted as with a bee sting. Then he stiffened; his eyes grew cold, numb. Slowly he crumpled to the floor.

"Count! Count Montefeltro!" the salesman gasped. He raced around the table, tore the ring from the Count's finger. On the finger, above a tiny puncture, glittered a ruby drop of blood. His heart pounding, he held the ring to the light. No. Nothing. No pin. No poison, but...

He drew in his breath sharply, bending to feel for a pulse.

*The Count was quite dead.*

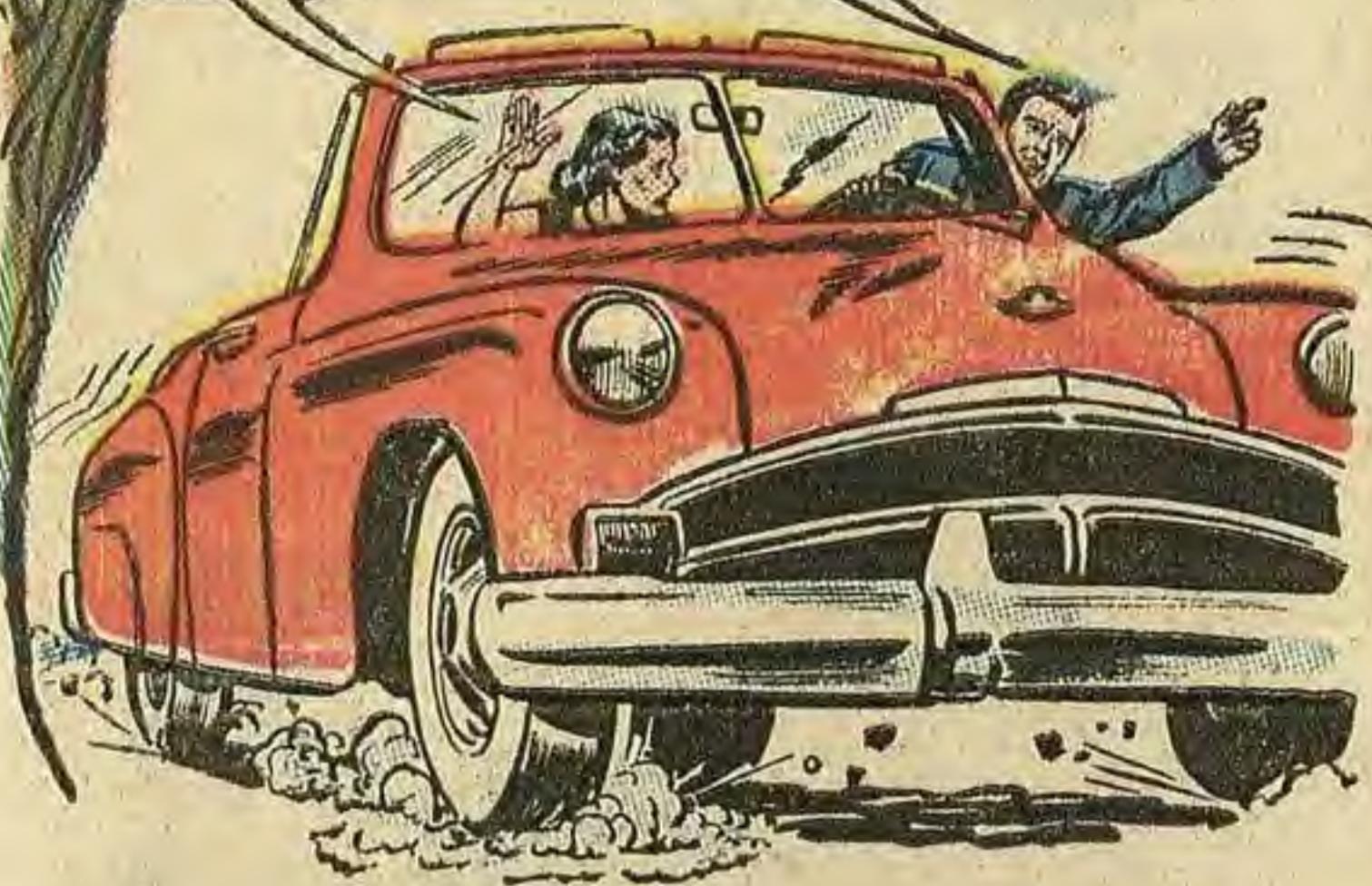
# The BURIED BRAIN



MINUTES LATER--TURNING INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF  
PATSY'S HOME--

FRED! WHAT  
IN HEAVEN IS  
THE MATTER?

YE GODS! LOOK  
UP THERE...ON  
THE PORCH!



FOR A FLEETING INSTANT, THE YELLOW BEAM FROM THE HEAD-LIGHTS PICKS OUT A FORM...TOO HAZY TO BE ALIVE...TOO SINISTER TO BE HUMAN!



IT'S DRIFTED INSIDE...BUT WHAT IN BLAZES IS A THING LIKE THAT DOING HERE?

IT'S DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST! I REMEMBER HAVING MET HIM YEARS AGO...BUT THERE'S A TERRIFYING DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MAN MY FATHER INTRODUCED AS A FRIEND...AND THIS HIDEOUSLY EVIL PHANTOM!



A MOMENT LATER...

THAT'S STRANGE, PATSY!  
YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE  
DOOR IS LOCKED...  
FROM THE INSIDE!

BUT CERTAINLY  
HE HEARS US  
...WHY DOESN'T  
HE SAY SOMETHING?  
DAD  
...ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

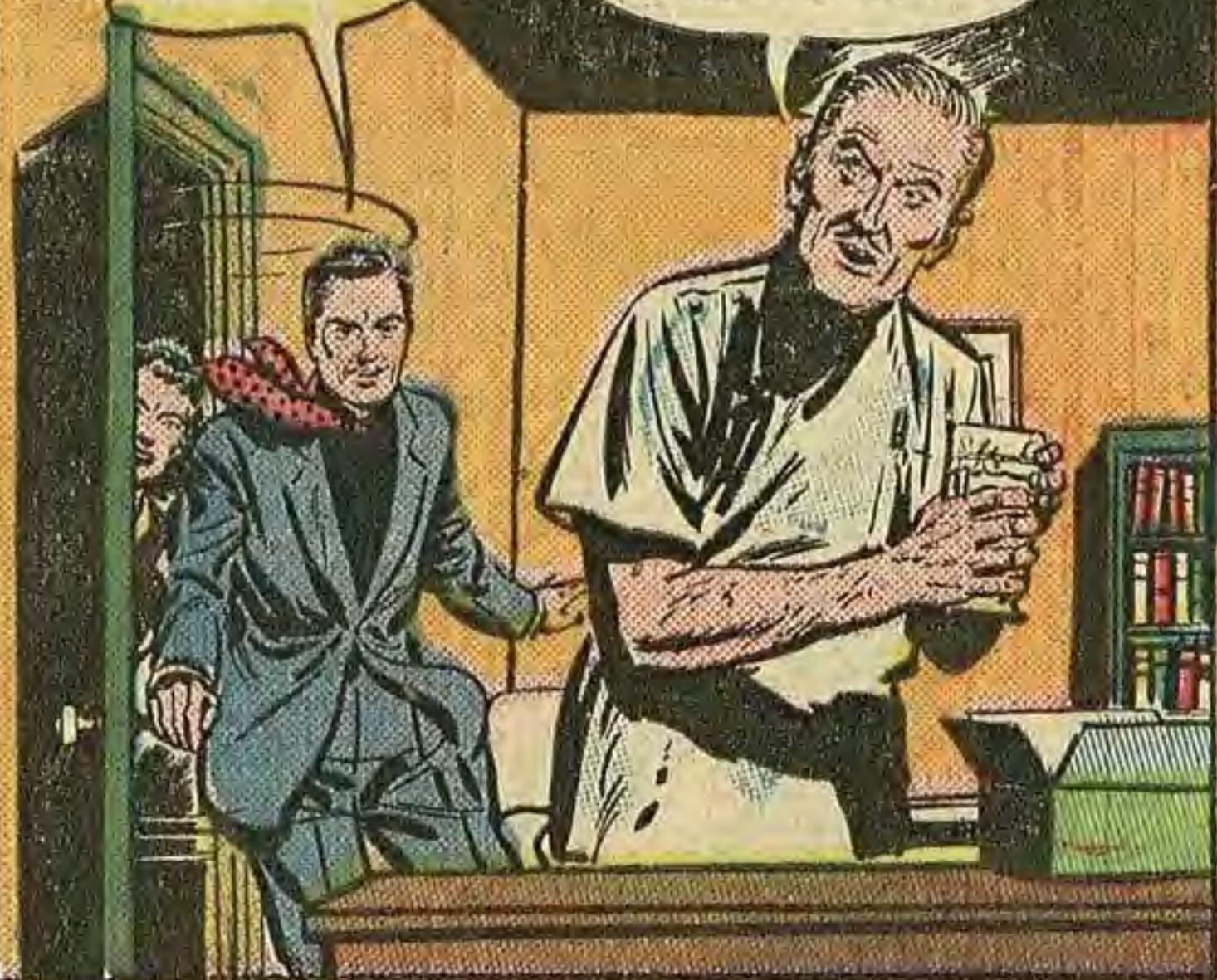


DON'T FRET YOURSELF, HONEY  
...WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT  
FAST!



DR. AMES! GOOD GOSH...WE THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

WHY...OF COURSE NOT, FRED! I--I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PREOCCUPIED!



BUT WHAT ABOUT DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST, DAD? WE SAW IT HOVER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR JUST A MOMENT AGO... AND YOU'RE THE ONE IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

THAT'S UTTER NON-SENSE, PATSY! VERY DEFINITELY...I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL!



DAD, I KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG  
--YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF! WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING AT THIS HOUR?

I'VE -- I'VE GOT  
TO KEEP MY PLEDGE  
TO A DEAD MAN! AND I  
WARN YOU BOTH --  
**DON'T FOLLOW  
ME!**

**A MOMENT LATER...**

FRED, YOU **SAW** SOMETHING WHEN  
YOU RUSHED INTO THE OFFICE! WHAT  
WAS IT DAD TRIED TO CONCEAL...  
**THE THING HE TOOK AWAY  
WITH HIM?**

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW!  
IT WAS CERTAINLY A STRANGE  
OBJECT FOR EVEN A DOCTOR  
TO BE CARRYING AROUND AT  
MIDNIGHT... **A HUMAN  
BRAIN!**

I DON'T UNDERSTAND **ANY** OF THIS! A  
GHOST... A BRAIN... AND **NOW**  
YOU'RE SEARCHING DAD'S DESK!

I'VE HAD A HUNCH THAT  
**SOMETHING** COULD PRO-  
VIDE A LOT OF ANSWERS,  
PATSY... AND HERE IT IS  
**DR. DUNDEA'S  
WILL!**

GOOD HEAVENS! DR. DUNDEA STIPULATED THAT  
DAD SHOULD SECRETLY ARRANGE FOR THE  
DISPOSAL OF HIS BODY IN **TWO DIFFERENT  
WAYS!** **MY CORPSE IS TO BE CREMATED,  
EXCEPT FOR MY BRAIN... AND THAT IS  
TO BE BURIED IN AN ORDINARY  
GRAVEYARD!**

IT'S A PECULIAR WILL, BUT EVEN SO... DR. DUNDEA  
DIED THREE DAYS AGO! AFTER HAVING COMPLIED  
WITH THE CREMATION REQUEST, WHY DIDN'T DAD  
GO THROUGH WITH THE REST OF IT... **AND  
BURY THE BRAIN?**

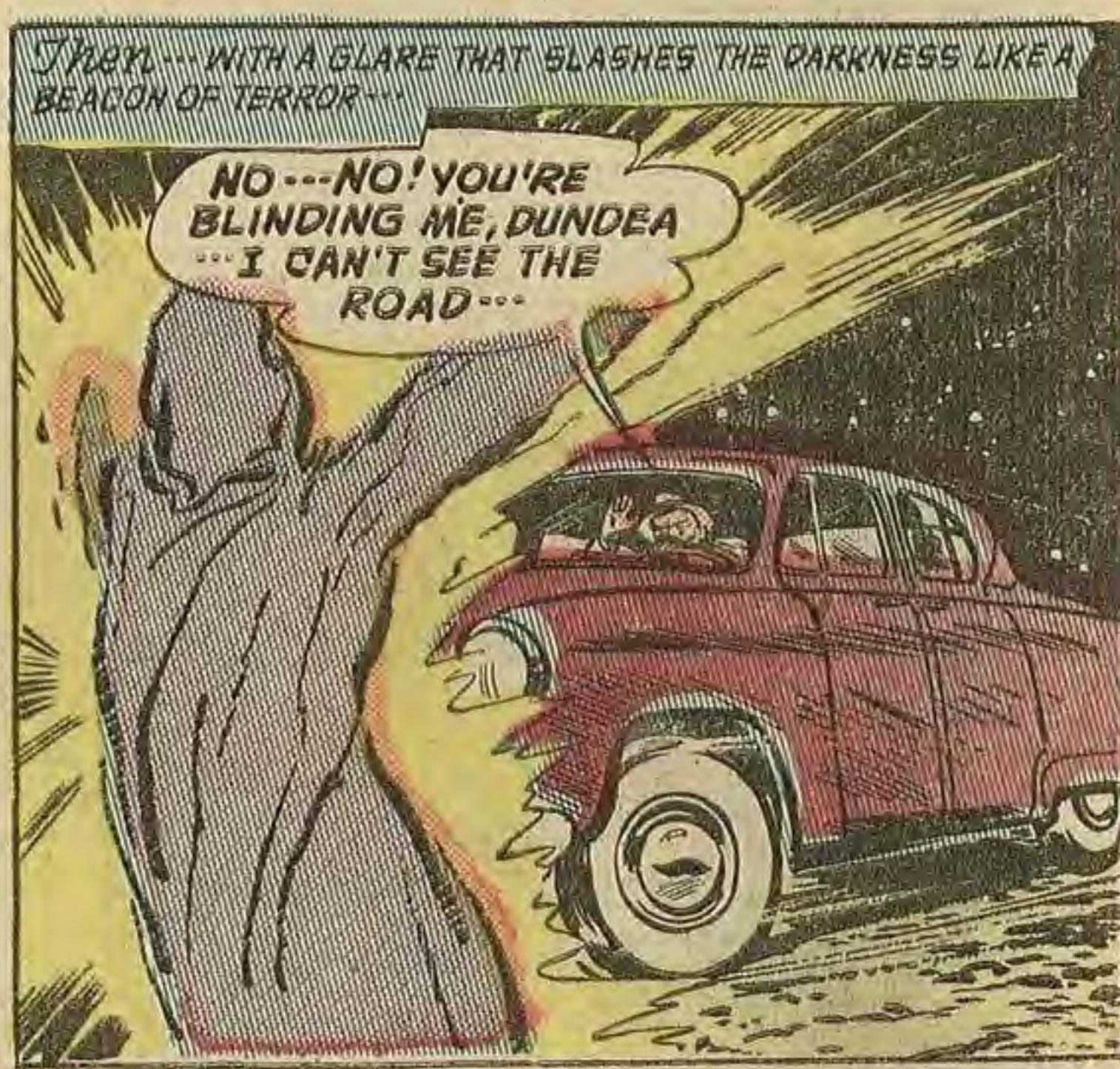
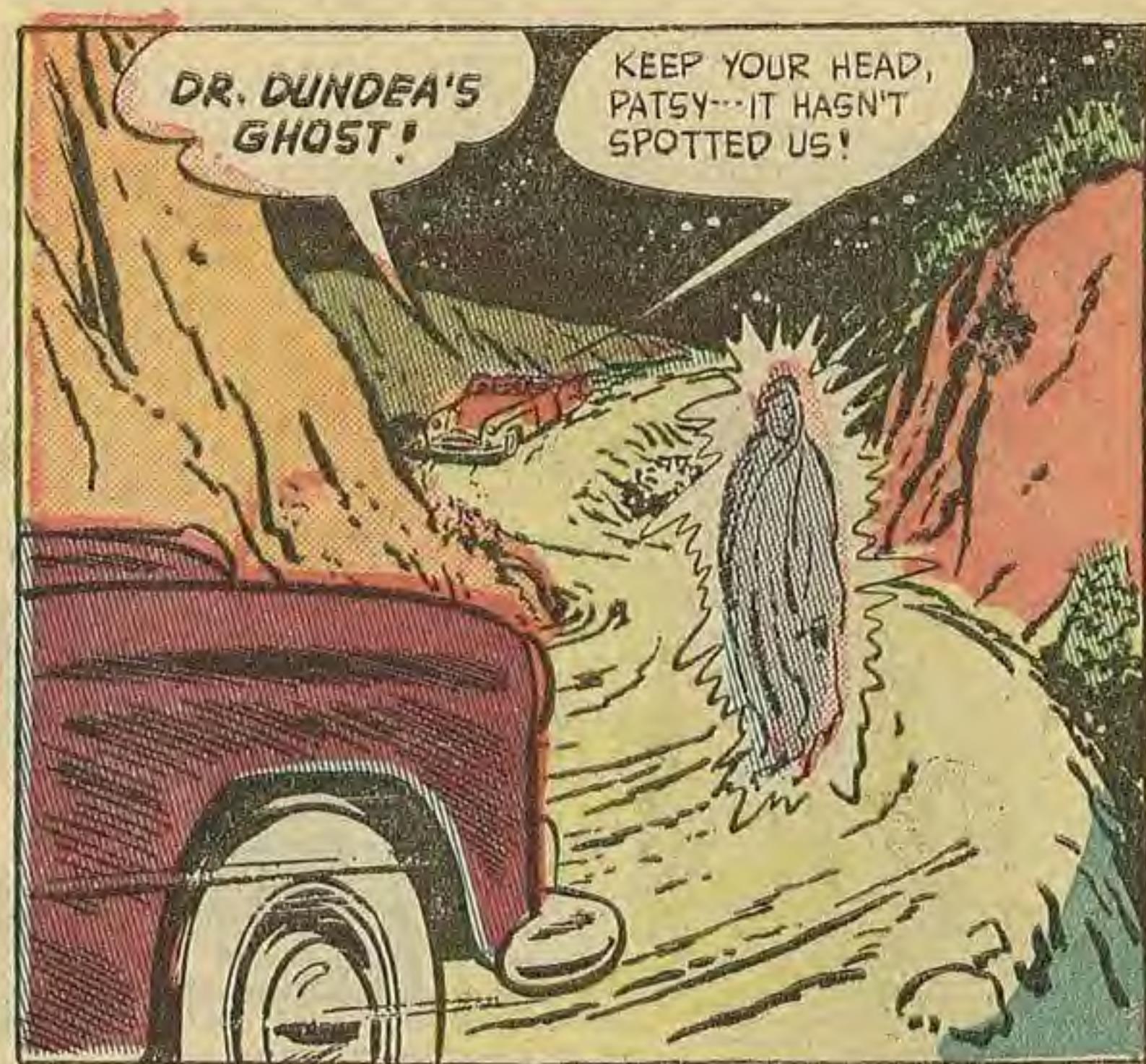
COULD BE HE WANTED TO STUDY THE BRAIN  
OF SOMEONE HE RECOGNIZED AS AN  
ERRATIC GENIUS... AND MAYBE THERE'S  
A LOT **MORE** BEHIND IT! TO BEGIN WITH,  
DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST PROVES HE MANAGED  
TO KEEP HIS REAL CHARACTER CON-  
CEALED FROM YOUR FATHER... **A  
CHARACTER LADEN WITH  
EVIL!**

WHAT REASON WOULD THE GHOST HAVE FOR APPEARING...  
UNLESS IT WAS TO FRIGHTEN YOUR FATHER INTO CARRYING  
OUT THE TERMS OF THE WILL? IT WANTS ITS BRAIN IN THE  
EARTH... AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE ANSWER TO  
**THAT** IN THE FACT THAT THE LETTERS OF DUNDEA'S  
NAME SPELL OUT A VERY REVEALING WORD- **UNDEAD!**

NOW I'M **SURE** DAD'S IN-  
VOLVED IN SOMETHING  
THAT MAKES MY BLOOD  
RUN COLD... **WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
HIM!**

THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE  
GRAVEYARDS WITHIN A HALF  
OUR'S DRIVE FROM THE HOUSE  
...HE'S HAD AMPLE TIME TO BURY  
THE BOX... BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU  
FEEL ANY BETTER, WE'LL DRIVE  
ALONG THE MAIN ROAD!





BUT THE GHOST DIDN'T SEE US, FRED! IT'S HEADING DOWN THE ROAD---IN THE VERY DIRECTION FROM WHICH DAD DROVE!

I WAS RELUCTANT TO SUGGEST IT AT A TIME LIKE THIS, HONEY---BUT IF YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT---WE'LL FOLLOW THAT CREEP!



INTENT ON ITS DREAD MISSION, THE HIDEOUS SHAPE STALKS THROUGH THE GLOOM---UNAWARE OF THE CAR ROLLING SILENTLY BEHIND IT!



SOON AFTERWARD---

I KNEW THIS WOULD BE WHAT IT'S SEEKING, FRED---A GRAVEYARD!

LOOK! THE PHANTOM'S RAISING ITS ARMS---AND MUMBLING SOME KIND OF INCANTATION!



DESTROY THE BODY, BURY THE BRAIN---AND MASTER THE DEAD WITH WHOM YOU'RE LAIN!



FOR A TERRIBLE SECOND---THE GROUNDSHEAVE IN A SHOUDORING CONVULSION!

GOOD HEAVENS, FRED---WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE GROUND---IT'S SLIDING AWAY---UNCOVERING THE GRAVES!



THEN---RIEING ONE BY ONE FROM THE YAWNING PITS---

HA HA HA! I SPENT A LIFETIME LEARNING THE BLACK SECRETS OF THE AFTERLIFE---AND NOW THAT I'M ONE OF YOU---I CAN CONTROL THE DEAD!



FOLLOW ME, ZOMBIES! WHOEVER DIES TONIGHT, **WE** CAN CLAIM...BUT FIRST I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE SECRET OF MY BURIED BRAIN DIED WITH DR. AMES!

ZZ

**A** MOMENT LATER...

SOMETHING THAT CAN RAISE THE DEAD...SOMETHING THAT CAN ACTUALLY MAKE THEM PLOD OFF AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE...HOW CAN WE EVER STOP A FIEND LIKE THAT?

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, PATSY! **THIS** IS THE ONLY UNDISTURBED SPOT IN THE GRAVEYARD...AND YOU'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF WHILE I EXHUME WHAT IT COVERS...**THE LIVING BRAIN OF DR. DUNDEA!**

SOON AFTERWARD...

WE'VE GOT IT...BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO LEARN WHERE THE GHOST LED THOSE PACING HORRORS?

THAT'S EASY! SINCE DR. DUNDEA'S SECRET WAS SHARED BY ONLY ONE MAN...**HIS GHOST MUST BE SEARCHING YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE FOR THE WILL!**



**F**RED AND PATSY SPEED BACK TO HER HOME...AND THERE...

THEY'RE INSIDE, FRED...**ALL** OF THEM! I THOUGHT I'D BE BRAVE WHEN I REMEMBERED HOW DAD DIED...BUT THOSE THINGS TERRIFY ME...**I CAN'T FACE THEM!**

HONEY, THIS'LL BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO BREAK DR. DUNDEA'S HOLD ON THE WALKING DEAD--AND WE'LL HAVE TO GAMBLE ON THE METHOD! THE FIRST STEP WILL BE TO SLIP INTO THE CELLAR--WHERE YOUR FATHER KEPT HIS WORKSHOP!



**M**INUTES LATER...

NOW THAT I'VE DESTROYED THE ONLY COPY OF MY WILL--NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THE POWER I GAINED THROUGH DEATH! **NOW** THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER WAY THE SECRET CAN BE REVEALED...



**--DR. AMES'S GHOST!** BUT WHY SHOULD I FEAR THAT IT WILL WARN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING--WHEN I CAN SUMMON HIS BODY TO RISE INTO THE ROVING RANKS OF THE ZOMBIES? THAT WILL BE **HIS** REWARD--**FOR HAVING BURIED MY BRAIN!**





# THE CITADEL OF EVIL

EVIL IS A LIVING FORCE -- A BLACK AND CLAMMY THING THAT SURVIVES THE HAPLESS HUMANS WHOSE SOULS IT HAS BLIGHTED! EVIL IS A CURSE NO GRAVE CAN HOLD -- A DARK SPIRIT RULING A SECRET CITADEL -- WITH A PRIESTESS WHOSE FACE IS THE IMAGE OF HORROR!



FOR YEARS, AMERICAN SCIENTISTS HAD TOILED TO PERFECT A PASSENGER-CARRYING SPACE ROCKET -- AND FINALLY, AS AN EVENTFUL DAWN BROKE OVER THE SOUTHWESTERN DESERT --

LOOKS LIKE JOHNNY PARKS IS READY FOR THE BIG PUSH, JOE!



WELL, MAYBE PARKS AND HIS GIRL FRIEND WILL GET TO THE MOON -- BUT I'M ENOUGH OF AN AIR-BOY TO WONDER HOW THEY'RE GOING TO GET BACK!

EASY -- ACCORDING TO PARKS! THE ROCKET'S GOT AN AUTOMATIC RETURN CONTROL THAT DEVELOPS TERRIFIC POWER -- AND THAT'S WHAT HE'S COUNTING ON!



ANYWAY -- I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT IF THERE ARE GOING TO BE ANY PICTURES OF THAT ROCKET -- NOW'S THE TIME TO TAKE 'EM ! THE ARMY BARRED PHOTOGRAPHERS FROM THE LAUNCHING FIELD -- BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE AIR !

IN THE NEXT SECOND -- WITH A ROAR THAT JARS THE DISTANT HILLS --

THE IMPACT THAT SNUFFED OUT TWO LIVES WAS BARELY NOTICED INSIDE THE STREAKING ROCKET --

GOOD LORD ! DIVE -- GET OUT OF THE WAY -- IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT AT US !



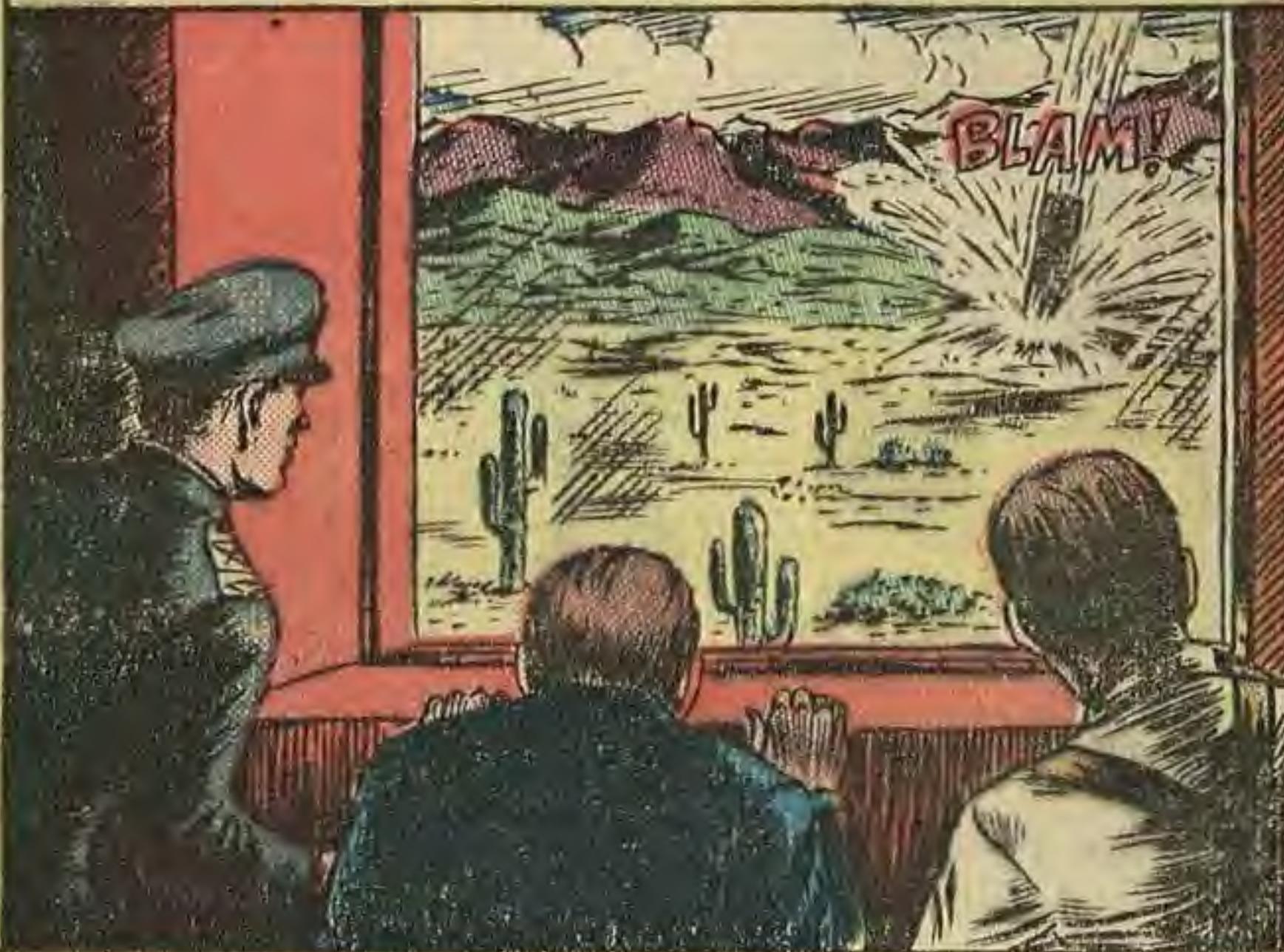
BUT -- AN INSTANT LATER --

JOHNNY -- WHAT'S HAPPENED ?

RUDDER'S JAMMED ! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH -- AT 3,000 MILES PER HOUR !



THE ONLOOKERS BARELY HAD TIME TO TURN -- STARING WILDLY AT THE GLEAMING STREAK WHICH FUSED THE SAND IN A FIERY SPRAY --



EARTH -- CLAY -- ROCK ! ALL OF THEM CRUMPLED UNDER THE ROCKET'S CLEAVING IMPACT -- BORING DEEPER LIKE A GIGANTIC DRILL !



THEN -- A MILE BELOW THE SURFACE --



AS THE LAST THROB OF THE MOTOR  
TRAILED OFF INTO DEATHLY SILENCE--

GOOD  
HEAVENS,  
JOHNNY--  
WHERE  
ARE  
WE?

DEEP INSIDE THE  
EARTH! I HATE TO  
SAY THIS, DARLING--  
BUT WE MIGHT AS  
WELL RESIGN OUR-  
SELVES TO STAYING  
HERE -- BECAUSE  
THE ROCKET'S  
FINISHED!

A MOMENT LATER--

YE GODS!  
IT'S A CITY--  
WITH  
HUNDREDS  
OF TOWERS!



I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT! HOW COULD A  
PLACE LIKE THIS  
BE BUILT--  
DOWN  
HERE?

I'D HATE TO GUESS,  
ELLEN! LOOK AT  
THOSE FACES!



FOR AN INSTANT, GLITTERING EYES FLASHED  
WITH A STAB OF LONGING -- AND THEN--

I AM KLATHIA,  
THE PRIESTESS!  
WELCOME--WELCOME  
TO THE CITADEL  
OF EVIL!



EVIL! I ALWAYS  
KNEW IT EXISTED--  
BUT I NEVER  
DREAMED IT WAS  
A LIVING THING--  
WITH A  
STRONGHOLD!

EVER SINCE TIME BEGAN, THE  
BODIES OF THE WORLD'S DEAD  
HAVE CRUMBED IN A LEGION  
OF GRAVES! THE DUST OF  
THOSE WHO LIVED WELL  
MINGLED WITH THE EARTH--  
AND RETURNED TO THE  
UNENDING CYCLE  
OF LIFE!

BUT THE EARTH REJECTED THE LIFE  
FORCES OF THOSE WHOSE SOULS WERE  
BLACK! THEIR BLIGHTED SUBSTANCE  
TRICKLED LOWER AND LOWER THROUGH  
THE DARK CHANNELS UNDERGROUND--  
AND GAINED NEW LIFE HERE--  
IN THE CITADEL OF EVIL!



OFFHAND-- I  
CAN THINK OF  
TWO THINGS  
THAT DON'T  
INTEREST  
ME, KLATHIA!  
ONE OF THEM  
IS **EVIL**-- AND  
THE OTHER  
ONE IS **YOU**!

YOU LOVE THIS GIRL-- BUT THE  
**CHAMBER OF FLAME** HOLDS  
THE ANSWER TO THAT! ITS WHITE-  
HOT ENERGY CONVERTS THE SUB-  
STANCE OF EVIL INTO THE PEOPLE  
WHO INHABIT MY CITADEL--  
WHAT WILL IT DO  
TO HER?

IF YOU CANNOT CARE  
FOR ME AS I AM--  
THE CHAMBER OF  
FLAME WILL GIVE  
ME A FORM YOU  
DO ADORE--  
HERS!

STOP--  
LET  
ME  
GO!



KLATHIA-- I'M  
THE ONE WHO  
OFFENDED YOU!  
WHY PUNISH  
HER?

HA! WHEN YOU SEE  
THE RESULT-- YOU WILL  
BE GLAD YOU WERE  
SPARED!



THEN-- WITH THE GRATING OF A MASSIVE LEVER--



A SPLIT SECOND LATER--

YE GODS! IT'S LIKE BEING  
CREMATED ALIVE!

FOR A VIVID INSTANT-- THE  
WRITHING FORMS OF ELLEN  
AND KLATHIA SEEMED  
TO MERGE--



IT IS DONE!  
RELEASE  
KLATHIA--  
KLATHIA THE  
TRANSFORMED--  
KLATHIA THE  
BEAUTIFUL!

I OBEY,  
MIGHTY  
HORKO!

THEN, AS A SINGLE  
SLAB RISES--

IT IS  
KLATHIA--  
BUT GOOD  
LORD--  
SHE'S  
GOT  
ELLEN'S  
FACE!

YES, NOW IT IS  
HER FACE YOU  
SEE-- HER  
ARMS THAT  
ENCIRCLE YOU!  
NOW YOU CANNOT  
HELP LOVING  
KLATHIA!

AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE  
TO ELLEN, SURE YOU'VE  
TAKEN ON HER OUTWARD  
APPEARANCE-- BUT YOU'RE  
STILL NOTHING BUT AN  
EVIL-RIDDEN  
CREEP TO ME!



DOG! I AM HORKO, CHIEF  
GUARD OF THE TEMPLE OF  
EVIL-- AND WHOEVER  
REPULSES KLATHIA IN  
MY PRESENCE DIES!

LET ME AVENGE THE  
EVIL INSULT, PRIESTESS!  
LET ME MEET THIS  
UPSTART IN THE WAY  
I HAVE SENT SCORES  
OF OTHERS TO THEIR  
DOOM-- **IN A DUEL  
OVER THE  
INFERNAL  
POOL!**

HIDEOUS HANDMAIDENS OF THE  
TEMPLE-- **GATHER AROUND!**  
BOTH ARE BRAVE-- BOTH ARE  
STRONG-- **AND ONE OF  
THEM SHALL PERISH!**



A MOMENT  
LATER--

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE AS DEATH  
ITSELF! YOU SHALL SWING TOWARD  
EACH OTHER OVER THE INFERNAL  
POOL-- **AND HE WHOSE ROPE  
IS SLASHED SHALL PLUNGE  
INTO LIQUID FIRE!**

HORKO'S AN OLD HAND  
AT THIS-- AND IF I'M  
GOING TO ESCAPE  
BEING PARBOILED,  
I'LL HAVE TO OUT-  
SMART HIM!  
NOBODY'S NOTICED  
IT-- BUT I'VE  
GIVEN MY ROPE  
A FEW TIGHT  
TWISTS!



FOR A SECOND-- JOHNNY'S MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM TOWARD HORKO'S FIRST HISSING SLASH--

HORKO HAS MISSED!

WATCH-- WATCH! ON THE NEXT SWOOP-- THE STRANGER DIES!

THEN-- WITH HORKO'S BLADE RAISED--

DOG-- WHAT MANNER OF TRICK IS THIS? YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO SWING-- NOT SPIN!

SORRY, CHUM-- I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT THE RULE BOOK!

UNCHECKED-- HORKO SWEPT TOWARD THE WHIRLING SWORD--

AND FRANKLY-- I DON'T THINK YOU WILL, EITHER!

ZZZIP!

AAGHHHHH!

HE HAS CONQUERED HORKO!

LET US PAY HOMAGE TO THE MIGHTY ONE-- WITH OUR ARMS-- WITH OUR LIPS!

SUDDENLY--

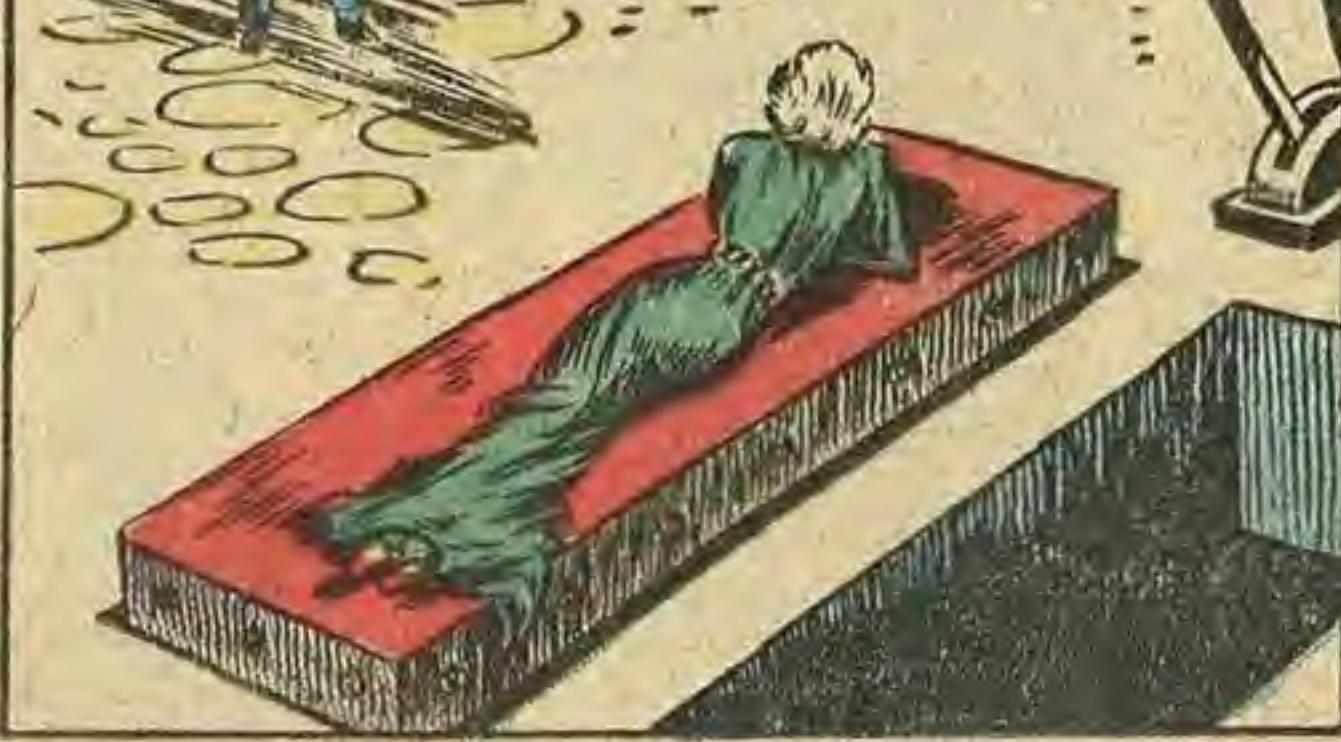
GREAT GUNS! NO ONE ELSE SEEMS TO HEAR THAT FAINT, HUMMING NOISE-- BUT IT MEANS THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL IN THE BURIED ROCKET IS STEPPING UP THE POWER! THE ROCKET CAN'T TAKE OFF, BUT THE MOUNTING PRESSURE WILL BREAK LOOSE ANY MOMENT-- IN A BLAST AS POWERFUL AS AN A-BOMB! IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR ALL OF US! BUT IF THERE IS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE-- I WANT ELLEN AT MY SIDE!

AS THE HIDEOUS HANDMAIDENS PRESSED FORWARD -- ENTHRALLED --

THIS MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL -- BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE KLATHIA JEALOUS!

IF YOU COULD EMBRACE THEM, HOW DID YOU DARE TURN FROM ME -- WHEN MY FACE WAS LIKE THEIRS?

I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO WOO A FIGURE OF HORROR! THE CHAMBER OF FLAME WILL RESTORE ME -- IT WILL RESTORE THE GIRL -- AND THEN YOU WILL BOTH JOIN HORKO IN THE INFERNAL POOL IF YOU SPURN ME AGAIN!



AN INSTANT LATER -- INSIDE THE GLOWING DOME --

**CRRAK!**

WITH THE WARNING THROB OF THE ROCKET MOTOR POUNDING LOUDER --

IT IS DONE! LET THE SLABS BE RAISED! I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT TO DO NOW -- BUT IT'D BETTER NOT TAKE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS!

SPEAK! WHAT SHALL IT BE? MY ARMS -- OR DISASTER?

HOLD YOUR EARS, CREEP -- YOU'RE GETTING AN ANSWER MIGHTY SOON!

DON'T WAIT, ELLEN! RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE CITADEL -- AWAY FROM THAT PIT WE CRACKED UP IN!



COME ON, ELLEN,  
RUN-- RUN!

THEN-- WITH THE ROCKET'S  
TERRIFIC ENERGY  
SUDDENLY UNLEASHED--

AS THE QUAKING ROCK GAPED  
OPEN UNDER THE CITADEL  
OF EVIL --



WITH BATTERING FORCE--THE TORRENT  
CHURNED FORWARD!

JOHNNY-- IT'S  
HOPELESS! WE  
CAN'T LIVE MORE  
THAN A FEW  
SECONDS!

HOLD TIGHT--  
I'M TRYING  
TO GRAB A  
PIECE OF  
WRECKAGE!



MINUTES LATER--

TRY TO KEEP YOUR  
GRIP, HONEY! THE  
SHOCK WAVE FROM  
THE BLAST IS  
THRUSTING THE  
WATER ALONG--  
AND THE TUNNEL  
SLOPES UP!

WE'RE GETTING  
SOMEWHERE--  
THERE'S A  
YELLOW HAZE  
AHEAD!



HUNDREDS OF YARDS BEYOND-- WITH  
THE CURRENT SLACKING--

JOHNNY--  
IT'S  
SUN-  
LIGHT!

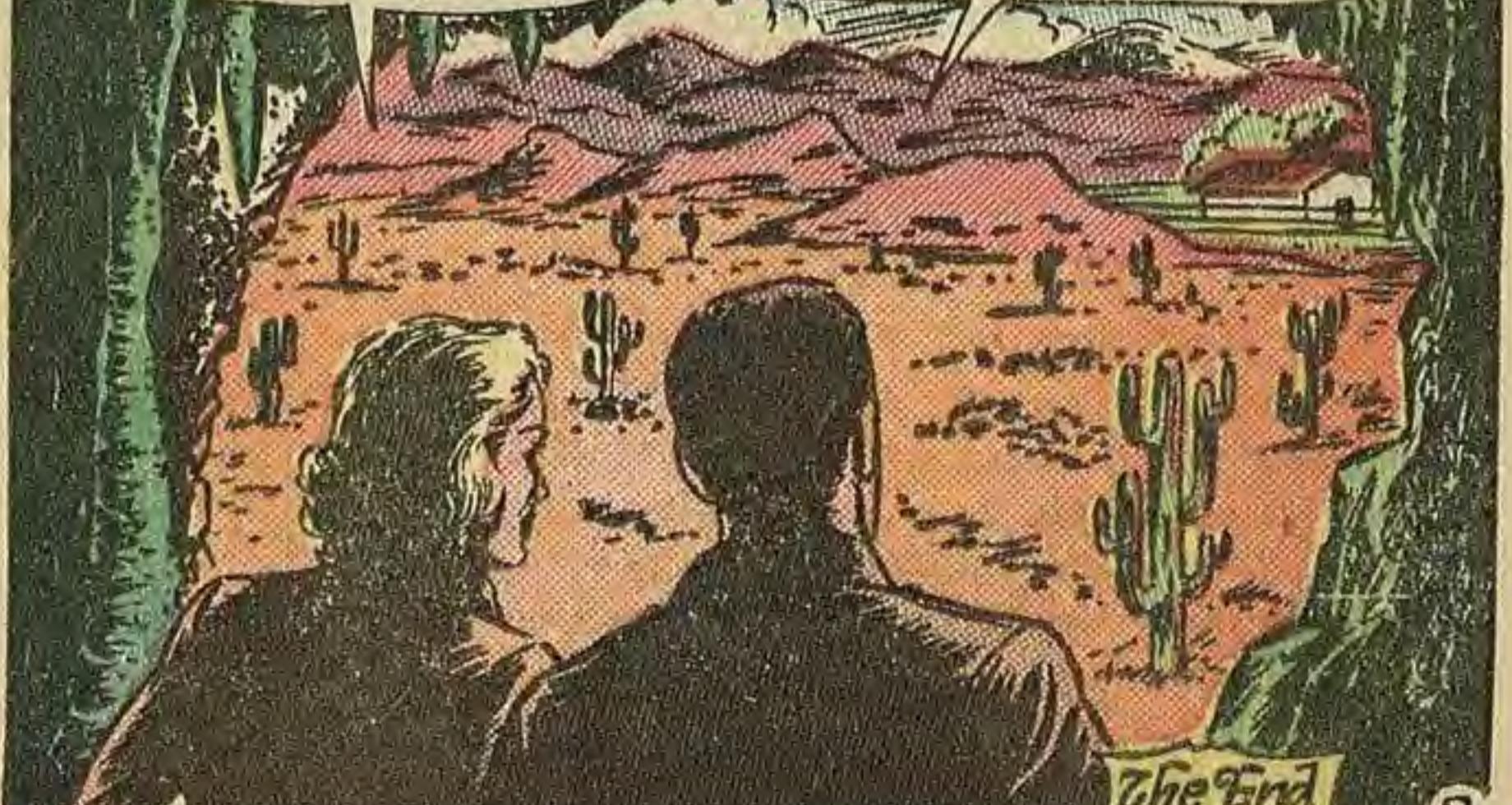
YOU'RE RIGHT--  
THIS CHAMBER  
LEADS STRAIGHT  
TO THE SURFACE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

DARLING, I NEVER  
KNEW A DESERT  
COULD LOOK SO  
BEAUTIFUL! THERE'S  
OUR ROCKET CAMP--  
JUST A MILE  
AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL  
EXPLAIN THE FACT TO OUR  
STAFF THAT WE'RE STILL  
ALIVE, BABY-- BUT ANYTHING  
WILL BE EASIER TO BELIEVE  
THAN WHAT REALLY  
HAPPENED IN THE  
CITADEL OF EVIL!



The End

THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COINS!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURES!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank,  $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4''$ , has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 31BA  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name. \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Plainly)

Street. \_\_\_\_\_

City. \_\_\_\_\_ Zone. \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And, won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls

### Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



### NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



### 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

AREN'T YOU GLAD  
WE HEARD ABOUT  
VACUTEX



No Squeezing  
No Infection  
No Injury  
to Skin  
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

### 10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411  
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.  
 Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

**JOHNNY  
LUJACK**  
Ace Quarterback  
Chicago Bears



# What Sparks a Champion Sparks You!

and Champions  
choose Wheaties!

**THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE**

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

**"Breakfast of Champions"**

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WHEATIES ENERGY  
HELPS YOU CARRY THE  
BALL AT WHATEVER  
YOU DO!

